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Steam Navigation; Its Rise Progress, and Prospects.

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Steam navigation has, during the brief period of its existence (for its history extends but over half a century), attained a degree of perfection which may not be excelled for generations to come. It has linked more closely the tropics and the poles, the old world and the new; and, with the exception, *perhaps*, of the electric telegraph, there is no modern invention that has effected more in the cause of civilization than the engine for marine locomotion. Even in its relation to electric telegraphy, every one must admit that it has been the immediate precursor, if not the instigator, of that power.

Indeed, with the discovery of steam navigation there commenced quite a new era in the history of our race. Many physical and mechanical difficulties had to be overcome before sufficient progress was made in the art to make it the means of extending the commerce of the world, of nourishing the poor with better food, or of providing fresh comforts and luxuries for the rich; but, greatly as we may plume ourselves as Englishmen upon the share we have had in its rapid development, still it behoves us, in the spirit of impartial chroniclers, to award the merit of the first discovery not to one of our own nation, but to an intelligent and enterprising foreigner, a Spaniard.

Perhaps the earliest account we have of a vessel being propelled by steam power is contained in some manuscripts in the archives of Salamanca. These appear to prove that in the year 1543, a naval captain, named Don Blasco de Garraay, invented a machine moved by steam, and capable of propelling ships independently of oars or sails. The apparatus referred to was fitted to a vessel of about 200 tons, called *La Santissima Trinidad*; and an experiment was conducted in Barcelona Roads, on the 17th June, 1543, in the presence of the Emperor Charles V., his son, Philip II., and many illustrious persons, which resulted in the ship's attaining a speed of one league per hour. But the apparatus appears to have been condemned, and no further attention was given to it, on account of the apprehension of explosion from the boiler, and the great complexity and expense of the machine; although the Emperor is stated to have reimbursed De Garraay for all the expenses he had incurred in making his experiment.

In 1736, Jonathan Hull took out a patent for applying the steam engine as a motive power to propel ships; and quoting from the description of the invention, we have the following: "It has been demonstrated that when the air is driven out of a vessel of thirty inches diameter, the atmosphere will press on it to the weight of 4 tons 16 cwt.; and when proper instruments are applied to it, it must drive a vessel with great force." He also described the machinery for working a pair of paddle wheels; and a drawing was

given representing a tug towing a two decker against the wind, this tug having a chimney from which smoke issued, and in the after part of the boat was an engine working two paddle wheels attached to spars abaft each quarter. But the steam engine was at this time in a very imperfect state, so that no practical success was attained, although a vast number of experiments were made by many ingenious men.

It was not until the towering genius of Watt had made the steam engine the complete and elegant machine that it now is, that steam navigation began to exhibit any signs of success; and we therefore pass over the various experiments (many of them unsuccessful) which were made, until we come to those of William Patrick Miller, who in 1787 took out a patent for paddle wheels (very similar to those at present used) for propelling vessels; and a Mr. Symington having, about this time, patented a new application of the steam engine, was introduced to Mr. Miller, and they between them contrived to make a small steamer, which moved at the rate of five miles per hour; but this was little more than a toy, as the cylinder was only four inches in diameter. It may be interesting to the reader to know that the engine last referred to may be seen in the South Kensington Museum.

In 1788, John Fitch obtained a patent for the application of steam to navigation in the States of Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey and Delaware; he induced several moneyed men to assist him, and, after a considerable outlay, constructed a steamboat, which, however, only attained a speed of three miles an hour. The shareholders were, notwithstanding, induced to make another trial; and a second vessel was completed, which went eight miles an hour.

Another American, James Ramsay, had also taken out a patent, and in 1788 he came over to England, where he induced a wealthy American merchant to join him in building a steamboat; but Ramsay died before its completion. The vessel was finished and afloat in 1793, when she made several trips on the Thames, effecting about four knots per hour.

In the year 1801, Lord Dundas, a large proprietor in the Forth and Clyde canal, employed Mr. Symington to conduct a series of experiments on steamboats, in order that they might be substituted for the horses which were used for drawing the canal boats. These experiments resulted in the construction of the *first practical steamboat*, named the Charlotte Dundas. The particulars of the trial are described as follows: "Having previously made various experiments, in March, 1802, at Lock No. 20. Lord Dundas, the great patron and steamboat promoter, along with Archibald Spur, Esq., of Elderslie, and several gentlemen of their acquaintance, being on board the steamboat, took in tow the Active and Euphemia, of Grangeworth, Gow and Elphine, masters, each upwards 70 tons burthen, and with great ease carried them through the long reach of the Forth and the Clyde canal, to Port-Dundas, a distance of $19\frac{1}{2}$ miles, in six hours, although during the whole time it blew a very strong breeze right ahead, so much so that no other vessel could move to windward that day."

This placed beyond a doubt the utility of the steamer in canals and rivers, and ultimately on the seas. In spite, however, of the great success of the experiment, objections were raised by the proprietors of the navigation to the use of steamboats, fearful lest the banks of the canal would suffer from the wash of the undulation produced by the paddle wheels. The Charlotte Dundas was therefore laid aside, and, with very few exceptions, no further experiments have been made with steam navigation in canals; where such have been the case, the screw has been resorted to.

In 1806, Robert Fulton, an American engineer, commenced a steamboat, which was completed in 1807, and destined to run between New York and Albany, a distance of 120 miles, which she accomplished in about 30 hours.

She was called the Clermont, and was the first steamer which, as well as being a practical success, remunerated her owners.

About this time, a countryman of Fulton, John Cox Stevens, had completed a steamer; but, as Fulton had obtained the exclusive right of navi-

gating the waters of the State of New York, Stevens boldly determined to convey his ship to the Delaware by sea: he was thus the first who took a steamboat to sea. Fulton had much prejudice to overcome in introducing steam navigation; but the Americans soon became aware of the immense commercial advantage that must result from its adoption, and accordingly steamers multiplied with great rapidity, so that in the year 1821 there were not less than three hundred steamers at work in America.

Returning again to England, it was not until the year 1812 that steam navigation was brought into practical use in this country, when Mr. Henry Bell started on the Clyde a small steamboat, called the Comet. She was only 40 feet long, 10 feet 6 inches beam, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ horse power. There was nothing novel in this small boat; and in fact Symington's Charlotte Dundas, which has already been referred to, was a far more perfect steamer than either Fulton's Clermont or Bell's Comet; but great merit is due to Bell that he succeeded in establishing steam navigation in this country, just as Fulton had done in America. To Symington, however, is due the honor of having constructed the first practical steamboat.

From this time, the number of steamboats began to augment with astonishing rapidity, not on the Clyde alone, but on many of the principal rivers of England. The steam navigation of rivers having now become an established fact, enterprize soon determined that steamers should be sent to sea. Accordingly, in 1815, the Rob Roy, a steamer of 90 tons and 30 horse power commenced running between Glasgow and Belfast, and was therefore the first regular sea going steamer in England.

In 1816, several wealthy men formed a company for the purpose of establishing a line of steamers between Dublin and Holyhead; they had two built, the Britannia and Hibernia, both of 107 tons and 20 horse-power. In this early stage of steam navigation, they accomplished the run with tolerable regularity; but the defects in the form of the ships, and the imperfection of the machinery caused them event-

ually to be placed on one side. The problem of making successful sea-going steamers being now thoroughly solved, they began rapidly to increase their numbers, and steam navigation quickly extended to other countries, France, Russia and Holland all pressing forward to participate in the grand invention. It would be needless to enumerate the various steamers which now made their appearance in every part of this country.

The first regular steamer which plied on the Thames was the Margery, of 70 tons and 14 horse-power. She made the trip from London to Gravesend in one day, returning the next; but another steamer called the Thames soon eclipsed her performance, making the trip there and back in the same day.

In 1822, a company was formed with the bold idea of establishing a steam communication with India by what is so well known as the Overland Route. It became necessary that steamers should be placed on the Red Sea, to meet those coming from England, and accordingly a vessel called the Enterprize was built and launched by Messrs. Gordon, of Deptford, in February, 1825. She was rigged as a three-masted lugger, and was fitted with engines of 120 horse-power, by Messrs. Maudslayi. The boiler was of copper, and in one piece, weighing 32 tons; her consumption of fuel was about 12 tons per 24 hours. She sailed from Falmouth, deeply laden with coal for the voyage, on the 16th of August, 1825, and arrived in Diamond Harbour, Bengal, 7th December, the distance being 13,700 miles, which was therefore accomplished in 113 days, whereof 63 were under steam, and 40 under sail; the remaining ten days having been occupied in cleaning her boiler at St. Thomas, and in coaling at the Cape. The result of this experiment was very discouraging, both to the public and the shareholders, as they anticipated that less than 80 days would have sufficed for the voyage. Government, however, bought the ship for £40,000, so that the enterprising speculator lost but little. She was used in the Burmese war with great success. Although, however, the Enterprize had not realized the expect-

tations of the projectors, we cannot but regard her as a success, for she was in a great measure, the pioneer in long steam sea voyages.

In 1827, Government established a line of steamers between Falmouth and the Mediterranean; these vessels averaged throughout the year $7\frac{1}{2}$ knots per hour. At Bombay, in 1830, a steamer was built, of 400 tons burthen and 160 horse-power, named the *Hugh Lindsay*, with the object of establishing steam communication between Bombay and Suez, and on the 20th March she started from Bombay and reached Aden (where a coaling station had been provided) on the 7th of April, and thence to Suez, where she arrived on the 29th May. This voyage fulfilled its object, in showing the practicability of a rapid steam communication with Europe, and it eventually led to the establishment of the Peninsular and Oriental Company.

In 1836, a company was incorporated at Bristol, with the magnificent project of transatlantic steam navigation. Hitherto no steamers of any great magnitude had been constructed, and those which had made long voyages had depended on their sails as much as on their steam power; but this company, which was called the Great Western Steam Navigation Company, felt convinced that to convey passengers and mails with regularity, they must depend on their steam power only. To accomplish this, however, the ship would be compelled to carry a large quantity of coal, and must be provided with great engine power; she would therefore have to be constructed of such dimensions as would enable her to comply with these requirements; hence they determined to build a ship of wood called the *Great Western*.

She was built at Bristol in the year 1837, by Mr. William Patterson; her principal dimensions being 212 feet by 35 feet beam and 34 feet deep. These dimensions were at that time considered gigantic, and the idea of being able to make a steamer of these proportions (that is to say, of so great a length in comparison with her breadth) to cross the Atlantic with safety was scouted by many scientific men as utterly im-

practicable; one of the great objections raised being that such a ship must inevitably break her back when poised between two waves, the middle being unsupported.

In spite of these forebodings, the *Great Western* was built and successfully launched, being at that time regarded as a greater wonder than is the unfortunate *Great Eastern* at this day.

She was fitted with side-lever engines of 420 horse-power, manufactured by Messrs. Maudslay, Sons & Field, of London; the cylinders were 74 inches diameter, with a stroke of 7 feet; the paddle wheels were 28 feet diameter, the paddle boards being 10 feet long, 2 feet wide, and 20 in number. At length this wonder of steamships was ready for sea, and on the 8th of April, 1837, she started on her first voyage across the Atlantic, with only 7 passengers on board. The run to New York was accomplished in 15 days 10 hours, which was certainly, for that time, a very remarkable performance; and towards the end of May she made her appearance in England with 66 passengers, having performed the voyage in 14 days. She continued to run with the greatest success, proving herself a most satisfactory ship. As a specimen of sound shipbuilding, good engineering, and mercantile prosperity she was an unexceptionable undertaking. She was economical with her coal, burning from 36 to 42 tons per day, or about 4 to $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. per indicated horse-power per hour, a consumption of fuel quite as economical as that of the average of steamers at the present time, so that we have not effected much in the economy of fuel within the last twenty-five years.

This admirable steamer was broken up only a few years since in the Thames.

By a strange coincidence, a steamer called the *Sirius*, started on the same day with the '*Great Western*.'—the 8th April; she also was designed with the same object as the *Great Western*, but she occupied nineteen days in making the voyage from Cork to New York, notwithstanding that she was aided by her sails; so that the '*Great Western*' is due the glory of first having first completed a success

ful trans-Atlantic voyage, and she crossed the Atlantic no less than 84 times between her first voyage and the year 1844.

The complete success of the Great Western led the directors of the Great Western Steam Ship Company, under the advice of the late Mr. Brunel, to greatly extend their former efforts, and a steamer of colossal dimensions was projected as being likely to prove a proportionately greater success, both as a ship and as a commercial speculation. The celebrated steamer Great Britain was the result of this determination. But at this time the use of iron in preference to wood for ship-building purposes was strongly advocated by many able men, and several iron steamers had already been most successfully constructed; hence, after careful investigation into the comparative merits of iron and wood, and with the advice of Mr. Brunel, it was resolved that the new ship should be built of iron. Her principal dimensions are:—length between perpendiculars 289 feet; breadth, 51 feet; depth, 32½ feet; tonnage, 3,433, old measurement. The keel of the vessel was laid in July, 1839, and she was launched 19th July, 1843.* At that time she was considered of gigantic proportions, and we cannot but admire the bold enterprize and masterly conception of the projectors. She naturally excited intense curiosity, and was visited by immense numbers of spectators, including ship-builders, engineers, naval officers, and distinguished savans of every nation. At this time Mr. Smith had most satisfactorily developed the fitness of the screw as a propeller for steam ships in the elaborate experiments of the Archimedes and H. M. steamer Rattler. It was with the latter vessel that an interesting experiment was tried, for the purpose of comparison between the screw and paddle-wheels as propellers. The Rattler was precisely of the same form and power as the Polyphemus paddle steamer. The two ships were tied together, and steamed away as rapidly as they could; the result being

that the Polyphemus had to give in to her rival, the Rattler. Mr. Brunel, in consequence, strongly advocated the application of the screw to the Great Britain, and it was finally determined that she should be fitted with one. She was therefore provided with very ponderous machinery of 1,000 horse-power; the engines consisting of 4 cylinders, 88-inch diameter and 6 feet stroke; on the shaft of the engines a great drum, 18 feet diameter, was fixed, and the screw shaft was also provided with a drum 6 feet diameter, and the motion was communicated from the engine to the screw shaft by means of four chains, so that the screw made three revolutions to one of the engine. She had six masts with iron rigging, as offering less resistance to a head wind than the ordinary rigging. The midship section of the ship is of a peculiar form, the sides falling in very much, so that at a light draught she would not be nearly so broad at her water-line as at a deeper immersion. At last she started on her trial-trip, and her machinery and propeller gave the greatest satisfaction. She made the voyage across the Atlantic in the most successful manner until she was unfortunately stranded in Dundrum Bay, where she lay a whole Winter. Her machinery having been most seriously injured, it was taken out and replaced by a pair of oscillating geared engines, by Messrs. John Penn & Son, of 500 horse-power, or only one-half the power with which she was originally provided; but with these new engines she accomplished even a greater speed under steam than she had attained with the old machinery, which was altogether disproportionate to her size. Her rig was also altered, and she is now ship-rigged, and as handsome as any steamer entering the port of Liverpool. She has made some of the fastest voyages to Australia and back on record, and may fairly be deemed one of the most successful and splendid steamers ever built.

The Great Western having led the way, there were soon plenty of followers, and magnificent steamers began to multiply, amongst which we may mention the British Queen, and the President—the total loss of which was such a terrible disaster in the early days of trans-Atlantic steam navigation. Then

* A period of four years. What would become of steam-navigation, and in fact, of the commerce of this country, if ship-building had remained stationary in this particular? There are now firms in England who can, in one year, execute orders for vessels in the aggregate amounting to six times the tonnage of the Great Britain.

we have the splendid fleet of the West India Mail Company; the Collins' line, with its Arctic, Pacific, Baltic, Atlantic, &c.; the Cunard line, with its Acadia, Asia, Arabia, and the magnificent Persia and Scotia. The Persia constituted another great advance in size and speed. This magnificent steamer was built by Mr. Robert Napier, of Glasgow, and was launched the 3d of July, 1855; her extreme length is 389 feet; breadth 45 feet; and over the paddle-boxes 71 feet 6 inches, and her depth 31 feet 6 inches. She is fitted with side lever engines of 850 horse power; cylinders 100½ inches diameter, with a stroke of 10 feet; she has eight boilers, with five furnaces in each; and her paddle-wheels are 38 feet 6 inches diameter, the floats being 10 feet 8 inches by 2 feet, and 28 in number. She carries 1,200 tons of coal, and her displacement at 22 feet draught is 5,400 tons.

The Scotia is a sister ship, but a little larger.

Then we have the superb fleet of the Peninsular and Oriental Company:—the Pera, Ceylon, Massilia, Delta, Simla, and for this company also was built the magnificent screw steamer Himalaya, by Messrs. C. J. Mare & Co., in 1853; her extreme length being 372 feet; breadth for tonnage 46 feet 2 inches, and depth of hold 24 feet 9 inches; she is fitted with horizontal trunk engines, by Messrs. J. Penn & Son; cylinder 84 inches diameter, and 3 feet 6 inches stroke; her propeller is 18 feet diameter, and 28 feet pitch. She was purchased by Government for a transport ship during the Crimean war, and on one occasion she conveyed 418 troops and 372 horses from Liverpool to Constantinople, a distance of 3,620 miles in a little over 14 days, although she partly lay-to from stress of weather between Cape Vincent and Gibraltar.

All the steamers to which reference has been made, great as they were, could not carry sufficient coal for a very long voyage without deviating so much from the direct route to obtain fresh supplies of fuel at the coaling stations, as to greatly lengthen the voyage; thus in steaming round the Cape to India or Australia they would have to call at St. Vincent, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Mauritius, to

obtain coal, which had to be sent out to those places. Hence steamers which have accomplished the voyage to Australia in a very short time have lost immense sums of money through the ruinous price of fuel at these stations, in spite of their having both a full cargo and complement of passengers; and in extra long voyages fast-sailing clippers have altogether beaten the steamers, inasmuch as they have effected the passage to Australia in quite as short a time as the fastest steamers.

Brunel therefore proposed that a ship should be built of such dimensions as would enable her to carry sufficient coal for the longest voyage; and as the cost of this coal at home would be about one-third of the average price paid on the voyage to Australia for ordinary steamers, she would be worked with far greater economy than other boats, besides making the voyage in a much shorter period. It was with this object that the Great Eastern was projected.

This gigantic vessel was constructed by Mr. John Scott Russell, under the superintendence and direction of Mr. Brunel; her principal dimensions being 691 feet extreme length; 680 feet between perpendiculars; breadth across paddle boxes, 118 feet; breadth of hull 83 feet; depth 58 feet, and her tonnage, by the old measurement, 22,500 tons; she has stowage for 6,000 tons of cargo, and her coal bunkers will hold 12,000 tons. She is built on what is termed the cellular principle, being similar in construction to the tubes of the Menai Bridge, so that she is virtually a double ship, or one vessel placed inside of another, with partitions running fore and aft between her two "skins." She is divided into twelve water-tight compartments, and the weight of iron in the hull is 8,000 tons. She is propelled by a combination of paddle wheels and screw. The engines for working the paddles consist of four oscillating cylinders, 74 inches diameter and 14 feet stroke, each cylinder complete weighing 38 tons; they are of 1,000 nominal or 3,538 indicated horse-power. The paddle-wheels are 56 feet diameter, and the floats are 13 by 3 feet, and 30 in number. The screw engine consists also of four cylinders, 86 inches diameter and 4 feet stroke, and are of 1,600 no-

minal or 4,610 indicated horse-power; the screw is 24 feet diameter and 44 feet pitch. The boilers for this stupendous machinery are ten in number, each boiler weighing upwards of 50 tons. Four of them drive the paddle engine, and six the screw. She has also powerful auxiliary engines for turning the screw when under sail, and has no less than ten donkey engines for pumping, and for various other purposes. She possesses accommodation for 800 first-class passengers, 2,000 second class, and 1,200 third class; and her principal saloon is 100 feet long, 36 feet wide, and 13 feet high. The consumption of coal amounts to 12½ tons per hour, and the greatest speed by paddles and screw separately is as follows:—paddles alone, 8 knots; screw alone, 9 knots; giving the screw a decided preference over the paddles. The cubic feet in paddle engine room, including boiler space, is 116,000; and the cubic feet in the screw engine room, including boiler space, is 112,000. Mean draught of water, 23 feet 8½ inches; mean effective diameter of paddles, 48 feet 7¾ inches; mean slip of paddles, 17.4 per cent.; mean slip of screw, 17.9 per cent.; mean consumption of coal per hour, 12½ tons; mean miles per hour, 14 1-113; coal consumed per indicated horse-power, 3½ lbs.; ditto per nominal horse-power, 11½ lbs.; greatest distance run in 24 hours, 360 miles; mean revolution of paddles per minute, 10¾; of screw, 36¾; mean displacement, 19,273½ tons, or, with 5,000 tons of coal on board at 24 feet 10 inches draught, 20,940 tons.

As a specimen of expert workmanship and strength, the Great Eastern has never been excelled.

The following particulars of length and beam of some of the principal transatlantic and war steamers will give a general idea of the size of the monster steamer last alluded to:—

Comparative dimensions of a few of the Largest Steamers.

| | Built. | Length. | Beam. |
|--------------------------|--------|---------|-------|
| Great Western (1) - - - | 1835 | 236 | 36 |
| Great Britain (2) - - - | 1844 | 322 | 51 |
| Himalaya - - - - - | 1853 | 372 | 46 |
| Duke of Wellington (3) - | 1855 | 240 | 60 |
| Persia - - - - - | 1856 | 390 | 45 |
| Great Eastern - - - - - | 1858 | 680 | 83 |
| Warrior (4) - - - - - | 1861 | 380 | 58 |

- (1) First Atlantic steamer.
- (2) First ocean screw steamer.
- (3) First-rate line-of-battle ship.
- (4) Iron-plated frigate.

Being the largest steamer afloat, we have felt ourselves justified in entering rather more fully into the details of the construction of the Great Eastern, the more so as it is probable that she will remain unrivaled for many years to come. Independently of her size, she is throughout one of the finest specimens of naval architecture and mechanical genius extant, doing credit alike to her constructor and designer. This vessel is in advance of the age. There is no wet or dry dock at present in existence sufficiently large to admit her; consequently, when the most ordinary repairs are necessary, and even when the vessel requires painting, she has to be laid aground, and from the peculiarity of her form, having no keel, it is impossible to get to her bottom without excavating the ground from beneath her. The expenses of loading and unloading, too, are serious items in the working of so large a ship, and can only be compensated by long voyages, for what may be called her terminal expenses would thus be only incurred at longer intervals than in short voyages. As we progress, however, in the construction of docks and other necessary naval works, they will no doubt be so enlarged, and by degrees be of such a class as to admit a vessel of the size of, or even larger than the Great Eastern, for we fully believe that we are not yet at the extreme limit of size; another quarter of a century will, in our opinion, see vessels of even a larger tonnage than the Great Eastern afloat.

In January last, this magnificent ship was put up to public auction by the mortgagees, and although a reserve price of only £130,000 was placed upon her, the highest bid was £50,000.*

* Whilst this article is passing through the press, we are apprised that the Great Eastern was "knocked down" for £25,000, and a new company, of which Mr. Thomas Brassey, Jr., is the leading director, advertises that it has purchased the vessel, and the bonds upon her inclusive, for £97,350; this new company having been the purchasers of her at auction. A dispute has, however, arisen as to who is the rightful owner, another bidder having put in a claim to her. She originally cost above three-quarters of a million sterling.—SAMUELSON.

A NEW SHIP PROJECT.—The failure of the Great Eastern as a commercial enterprise showed shipbuilders and owners that they could not build above a certain size without—at least in

It has been impossible in the limited space at our disposal to give even a tolerably perfect sketch of the progress of steam navigation; but in order to afford our readers some idea of the vast mercantile steam navy that has been called into existence through the insatiable demands of commerce, we may mention that there are at present employed upon one great ocean route alone, namely, from Liverpool and Glasgow to the continent of North America, 100,000 tons of steam shipping, all created, in addition to vessels that have been lost since the Great Western was launched; and that there is, furthermore, a large fleet of additional steamers now in course of construction.

We have spoken only of our mercantile steam navy, and have said nothing concerning the armaments of our country. It is, indeed, unnecessary that we should do so. That Governments are slow to move, and that ours did not follow in the wake of the merchant service with any great alacrity, is well known to our readers. They are aware, also, that, having

the present condition of the world's commerce running risks of fatal losses. There is a limit beyond which we cannot as yet go, on account of the costliness of steam machinery, the heavy interest on which, while it lies idle in port, eats up all the profits.

This experience has, however, put some ingenious English shipwrights upon the idea of constructing a vessel of the size of the Great Eastern in several distinct parts, to be fastened to each other when in motion, and to be propelled—or perhaps it would be more correct to say pulled along—by a detachable part, which shall contain the engines and other motive power. A company has been formed under the title, “The Connecting Ship Owners,” with a capital of five million dollars, to construct a fleet upon this principle. The prospectus tells us that, in “connecting steamships, the compartments being all of one gauge, admit of immediate disconnection from and re-connection to each other, and of the transfer of the compartment containing the engine officers and crew from one set of cargo compartments to another, so that it can be kept in constant employment, while the expensive cargo compartments are detained during the loading, unloading, or sale of their cargoes, enabling one engine and one crew to perform the work of three steamers of the ordinary construction, and realize proportional profits.” It is intended to begin business by running one steamer compartment and three sets of cargo compartments, to demonstrate the enormous advantages to be gained by the system, before proceeding to build the proposed fleet, which will consist of eighteen screw steamer compartments and one hundred and ninety-eight cargo compartments, and will deliver over one million of tons of coal to London, and over three hundred thousand tons to Paris annually.

There would seem to be a promise of real economy in this project; and the idea of thus making

once commenced, the Admiralty added year by year to our steam fleet; and we may say, without boasting, that in both services we have outstripped our neighbors as completely as when wooden walls protected “Old England.”

But we pass over this portion of the subject without regret or apology, quite content to leave its treatment to other and abler pens than ours.

We have endeavored to render as intelligible as it is possible for one accustomed rather to building than to writing about steamers, the theme with which we have been called upon to deal; and have only to remark, in conclusion, that our industry was *not* originated for warlike purposes, although it was afterwards thus applied, or we should rather say misapplied; for had the first steamboat been endowed with life and speech, we are sure that her earliest sentences would not have been those of anger or defiance, but that she would have proclaimed, as did later the Atlantic Telegraph:—“Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good will towards men.”*

a marine engine do the work of several—just as one locomotive engine serves several trains on a railroad—might be profitably applied to our coasting trade. The obstacle which those have met with who have endeavored to apply steam to our coasters has been that the cost of the engine made lying still to wait for cargo and to load too expensive. But if one set of machinery could be so used as to keep a fleet of burthen boats in motion, transportation could be much cheapened, and the chief obstacle to the general introduction of steam would disappear.

It is not only on land that the proposed plan has been used; on the western rivers it is by no means uncommon to see a powerful steamboat with two keel boats, and sometimes even three or four, lashed to her side, thus increasing very considerably the capacity for burthen; these keel boats are dropped at the proper points and others taken up; they are laden and unladen while the steamer, of which they really form a part, is busied elsewhere; and to this extent they economize the use of the costly steam engine.—*Evening Post*.

* As a further indication of opinion on this subject, held by *experts*, whose brains are supposed to be *large and deeply convoluted*, we quote the concluding paragraph of a review of Tennent's “Story of the Guns” (*Quarterly Journal of Science*, No. 2):—

“Although we are not members of the Peace Society, we sympathize with those who are constantly laying stress upon the fact, that war is not only a bloody but a costly game—a game which will only be played out when the belligerents discover that the stakes, in every case, amount to more than the prizes. Duelling has ceased to be the fashion, because less courage and dexterity are required (?) to put a ball into the body of a man at 100 yards than to pierce him through with a rapier; and as war becomes

The Moral Power of the Sea.

BY REV. CHARLES J. JONES.

In what sense is the sea capable of exerting moral power? It is plain that in order to the exercise of any but physical power, we must conceive of the word SEA as used in other than a literal sense. For while the Sea, the vast body of water so called, presents some of the most remarkable manifestations of Physical power, whether

"Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale or storm,"

Yet we cannot conceive of its exerting directly a moral power. Indirectly, it may, indeed, to some minds, become the teacher of truths, pertaining to the attributes of God, and the relative duties of man. It is our duty to study these lessons. They will expand the mind. No man can contemplate the attributes of the Godhead, as they are revealed to us in the natural world, without being in some measure influenced by them, for here to see is to admire, and to admire is to imitate the wisdom, power and goodness manifested.

When the sailor looks abroad on the wide waste of heaving waters, and beholds them in continued motion

"When on the armed fleet
Descends the fierce tornado. The vast hulks
Are whirled like chaff upon the waves, the sails
Fly, rent like webs of gossamer; the masts
Are snapped asunder."—

he cannot but feel that there is a power above the waves, creating and continuing that motion—

"The Sea is mighty, but a Mightier sways
His restless billows."

and when in the stillness of the calm he gazes into the azure depths of the ocean, and sees from its mirror-like surface the sheen of a thousand twinkling stars, it is natural that he should raise his thoughts to Him who hath "spoken by the sea." The words "The Sea and the Sailor" are not only convertible but comprehensive terms, including all agencies and forces of

more mechanical and the cost is increased, whilst the occasions for the display of prowess become less frequent; when man finds that it is no longer a question of the strongest arm, but of the toughest steel, then he will begin to open his eyes to the fact that he is not a fighting but a reasoning creature, and that if the Almighty had meant to make him resemble a tiger, intending that he should settle his differences by brute force, He would have furnished him with claws, and with a much smaller and less convoluted

which the Sailor has the direction, viz: Navigation, Commerce, War, Discovery, Scientific Improvement, Wealth, and Social Intercourse.

In speaking of the moral power of the Sea, all these elements are to be considered in active operation. That the Sea, taken in this sense, has a moral power and that power is immense, will be easy to show. If the power of the Sea is to be judged by its effects, then it is manifestly great, and is not to be lightly esteemed in any plan which looks to the amelioration of the condition of the human race.

God works by means adapted to the end to be attained, so admirably, that the Psalmist, in viewing the divine arrangement, exclaims, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all." If we would imitate that wisdom which never errs, we must select the means best adapted to the work. If an evil is to be remedied, the remedy must be coextensive with the evil; the good must reach

"Far as the curse is found."

Among men there can be but one opinion as to the spiritual agency necessary for spiritual work. They can look but in one direction for the means required. The church must ascend the "Carmel" of prayer, and while she pours out her soul to the living Jehovah, say to her servants, "Go up now, look towards the Sea." There is "the little cloud" that is to water the earth. There are the eyes that are to watch over her interests; there are the arms to do her work. She must "send out her boughs unto the Sea, and her branches unto the Rivers." In other words, she must look to Commerce to supply her needs, to the agent already prepared for the great work she is to do. Let her avail herself of resources already provided. She will find that the "Sons of Zebu-

brain than that of which he now stands possessed."

NOTE.—Much additional and interesting information on the subject of Steam Navigation will be found in Steinitz's "History of the Ship" and Captain Claxton's pamphlet on the "Great Britain."

(These works can be obtained at Messrs. Bailliere Bros.'s, 520 Broadway.—Ed.)

lon" will yet "peril their lives on the highways of the Sea" for God and his Israel."

But a strange remissness has come over the Church for centuries. She has failed to appreciate and appropriate the mighty forces which, at her bidding, would have gone farthest to secure her conquests. She has been commanded to "go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature," but she has slumbered on while the very mandate was sounding in her years. She has been like Jonah "asleep in the sides of the ship," while the nations were left in their idolatry, and the Seamen themselves were perishing. Even now the great Captain of our Salvation is calling—"what meanest thou, Oh Sleeper? Arise! Call upon thy God." She begins to hear his voice, and is waking to a consciousness of her neglect. Yet many of her children have but limited conceptions of their ability or their responsibility. They are not aware of the stores of material that God has treasured up for their use, stores that may be speedily converted to the great work of building up the church of God among the nations of the earth. They have undervalued the agency of Commerce, whose influence is felt among all nations, and have exhibited their want of appreciation of the true missionary in their forgetfulness of the men of the Sea.—*Sea and Land.*

At Sea.

Two years ago, utterly exhausted with the most delightful but excessive labors, the writer was advised, by his family physician, to seek rest and renewed vigor in a long sea voyage. The advice was heeded, and almost as soon as given I was riding the billows of the deep blue sea. O the sense of relief and repose experienced the first two weeks! How inexpressibly delightful the quiet, calm ocean life and scenery; the exemption from responsibility and work; the entire freedom from all care and anxiety, and the idle, dreamy unconsciousness of the passing hours!

Suddenly the rest, as it had been enjoyed, was at an end. The calm summer weather was succeeded by cold, violent storms. Day after day,

and week after week, scarcely an hour passed that did not bring most uncomfortable and fierce gales, so that, at times, it was only by the most strenuous effort that one could hold himself in his narrow berth. The sun scarcely shone, but was alternately obscured and completely hidden by dark, angry clouds that swept through the sky with more than the speed of the sea bird.

Then followed additional care and anxiety. The two chief officers of the ship enlisted my deepest sympathy, and required my constant thought and services. The captain had become an anxious inquirer after salvation, and the first mate was suffering most fearfully from a terrible attack of cholera morbus, and necessity made me his physician! He was a stout, rugged man, and such vomiting, spasms, and groaning I never witnessed before or since. Very slight was my medical knowledge, but most eagerly did I study the concise treatise accompanying the medicine chest, passed over to my charge, and for three long days and nights give the most unremitting attention to the case, prescribing the treatment, and dealing out the medicine with the deepest solicitude as to the result. Then commenced a rapid amendment, and soon the patient was on duty again.

My anxiety for the captain was of longer duration, but in the end as happily relieved. Many a long and earnest conversation occurred between us on the "one thing needful." One memorable occasion we shall neither forget. Would that I could adorn my study wall with an accurate representation of the scene! My private journal thus speaks of it:

"It would be a fine subject for the painter's skill. In the captain's small room sat two middle aged men, deeply absorbed in considering the path of life. One, pale and wan, was seated on a stool, reading, with deep sensibility, a manuscript sermon, designed to set forth the way in which a sinner can be saved, occasionally supplying a sentence to make it more direct and personal. The other was seated in an arm-chair, his face partially buried in his hand, listening *as for his life*, convinced and encouraged by the truth he

heard, and in that hour hopefully committing himself to the Lord Jesus Christ, and purposing by the grace of God, henceforth and for ever to be known as His disciple. Before the sermon was finished the twilight so deepened about us that there was just light enough to read the last page."

For the last ten days of our voyage nightly did we bow down together, and each in turn led in humble, fervent prayer to our Heavenly Father.

A year or so thereafter I received a letter from him, confirming the confidence then felt in the genuineness of his conversion, and giving me occasion to rejoice with him in the abounding of God's grace to him and his. The letter vividly sketched a storm at sea, during which for three days he had no hope of saving his ship, on board of which was his wife. He was compelled to throw overboard some thousand bushels of wheat, and eight hundred barrels of flour. He writes:

"Then, my dear friend, I proved the value of religion. Amid the whole, and when all was lost but hope, I felt a calmness that I could not have felt without a hope and trust in the Saviour. I prayed that God would not cut us off, but give us space for repentance, and I felt that my prayer was more for others than myself. I once took leave of my wife, and went on deck, after asking her to promise God, herself, and me, that if He would spare us she would seek the pardon of her sins. Our prayers were answered, and she has redeemed her pledge. God's ways are not as our ways.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

"I had prayed fervently that she might be a helper in the Christian duties. God took his own way to bring it about. 'Twas a bitter cup, but the lesson I hope has been salutary.

"You ask me to what I have attained? I hardly know myself; but this I know, that I began to pray from a sense of duty; I now find it a pleasure and a necessity; that faith goes before works, and that what I commenced as a duty I continue as an enjoyment."

My recollections of that dreary, tedious ocean voyage deeply impress

me with the reality of two facts: 1. This is not our rest. 2. Prayerful labor is not in vain in the Lord.

—*Evangelist.*

G. R. P.

Hail to the Kearsarge.

Hail to the Kearsarge, castle of oak,
And pride of the heaving sea!
Hail to her guns, whose thunder awoke
The waves, and startled with lightning stroke
The nations that should be free!

Hail to her captain and crew!
Hail to her banner blue!
Hail to her deathless flame!
Hail to her granite name!

Haughty Britannia no longer can boast
That she rules the ocean waves;
Her fame is dead, and its sheeted ghost
Stalks discredited on her chalky coast,
Mocked by Columbia's braves.

Hail to the queen of the sea
Hail to the hopes of the free!
Hail to the navy that spoke!
Hail to our hearts of oak!

The British lion may cease his roar:
For his darling privateer,
At sea a pirate, a thief on shore,
Now lies a wreck on the ocean floor,
No longer a buccineer.

Hail to our Yankee tars!
Hail to the stripes and stars!
Hail Winslow, chief of the sea!
Hail to his victory!

Cheers!—"Two Ninety," the robber, is dead!
And Semmes, the pirate-in-chief,
A swordless coward, defeated, has fled,
Bearing the curse of the sea on his head,
To England, the home of the thief.

Hail to our holy cause!
Hail to our equal laws!
Hail to our peace to be!
Hail to all nations free!

GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

HONORS TO AN AMERICAN TAR.—
Our Paris correspondent chronicles the death at the Cherbourg Hospital of the brave fellow, Gowan, who had his thigh crushed while serving one of the big guns of the *Kearsarge*. At the dinner given by our Minister at Paris to Capt. Winslow, the Surgeon of the *Kearsarge* gave an account of the bravery and fortitude shown by this gallant Yankee tar, and the company at once subscribed a handsome sum to build him a monument—the Surgeon charging himself with carrying out the desire of the donors.

Some weeks since we met a sailor who had been led to break off his wicked practices and enter upon a religious course of life. Upon inquiry, we learned that his conversion had

been brought about by the faithful labors of another sailor, who was once a Jew. Upon farther inquiry, we learn that this Jewish convert is now living an esteemed and useful member of the Christian Church. In the *SAILOR'S MAGAZINE*, published in New York, for May, 1860, we find a most interesting sketch of this man's life. We think it cannot but prove interesting to our readers. Although the writer has ceased to follow a seafaring life, yet we are most happy to learn, by a letter from him now lying before us, that he is still much interested in behalf of those among whom his lot was formerly cast.—*Honolulu Friend*.

On the Herring.

The herring is exclusively an old-world fish, being confined to the coasts of Britain and Europe, but never found on those of America. It congregates in large shoals, swimming near the surface, and, because of its numbers, has received the specific name of *harengus*, which, according to Artidi, is the latinized form of the German word "haring," a host. From observations made on its growth, we are disposed to believe that it is found in four conditions; or, in other words, it has four names for its various stages of growth. The fry, which are small, minute fish, newly escaped from the egg, retain this name till they reach the second stage, when they measure from five to six inches in length, and are then called maties. While maties there is a large deposition of fat surrounding the alimentary canal, which is stored up for the use of the individuals during the breeding season. While in the matie form, the reproductive organs are but slightly developed; but as they become full herrings, which is the name for the third change, the stored fat becomes absorbed, and by some is thought to assist in the development of the ova, which, in the full herring, attains its fullest growth, and is then shed or deposited. After the performance of this function, the fish is sickly and weak, and is then called a shotten or spent fish. These four—the fry, matie, full and spent—comprise the changes which the herring undergoes from its escape from the egg till its performance of the re-

productive functions. While passing through these changes it moves from deep to shallow water, according to the season of the year and the requirements of nature. The older writers believed that the herring was only a visitant to our shores, coming in great "sculls" or shoals, from the Arctic seas to spawn upon our shallows, and, after circumnavigating our islands, journeying back to their icy houses in the Northern Ocean. Pennant, unable to account for them after they left the spawning beds, considered they must have returned to the Arctic seas, "in order to recruit themselves after the fatigue of spawning." He never took into account the exertion and labor of a journey due north, nor the difficulty of getting sufficient food in the ice-bound seas about Spitzbergen. We have the testimony of Arctic explorers that the herring is comparatively rare in the north; and above all, we know that they never leave our seas, but remain in deep water not far from the spawning beds. The fry, after leaving the egg, move about on the shallow spawning ground till they attain a few inches in size, and then they take to the deep water near the shore, where they find abundance of small crustacea and animalcule, on which they feed and become fat maties. They then change into full herrings, and leave the deep sea, approaching the shore where it is suitable for spawning, and there, in great numbers, one shoal above another, extending for many miles, they begin to shed the spawn, which falls to the bottom, and, being of a sticky nature, clings to the stones, and there remains, unless disturbed by storms or trawls, till the young fry burst the egg. The spent fish then leave the shallow water, and seek rest and food in the deep waters far beyond the reach of the net. How long the herring takes in passing through these changes, and becoming an adult fish, is not known. Some think two, and others as many as seven years are required.—*Intellectual Observer*.

Safety.

Safety consists not in escape
From dangers of a frightful shape;
An earthquake may be bid to spare
The man that's strangled by a hair.

For the Sailors' Magazine.

Leaf from a Captain's Log Book.

After spending forty-five years in the coasting trade, I found a defective timber in my barque, and was obliged to haul off to repair damages. In the first of my coasting there was no one that cared for a sailor, no Bethel flag to point him to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. A sailor in his boarding-house would stumble over a rum-jug in going from the dining-room to his place of lodgings: *not so now*. I once had a landlord go passenger with me from New York to Norfolk, Va., to welcome home his boarders when about being paid off from a three year's cruise in Uncle Sam's employ—a wonderfully loving landlord after getting all of their three years' money in his hands.

But what a change I have seen since 1817. About that time a few men assembled in a little room in Cherry street, and began to pray for the sailor. They had read the Prophecies of Isaiah. They formed a Port Society and built a church—a Bethel for sailors in Roosevelt street. May God reward them for their labor of love! When I attended any church in port I attended that. On the 28th of February, 1832, in a great revival in that church under the Rev. Henry Chase, I gave my heart to God: since then I have continued to be a member in Catharine and Madison street church, under the pastoral care of Brothers Jones and McGlashan, since the church was given up in Roosevelt street. The Port Society will long be remembered by many sailors. Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth: and what do I see now! Many other Bethel churches in the city of New York, a splendid Baptist church in Oliver street, an Episcopal Floating chapel, foot of Pike street, and other Floating chapels on the North River. Then the Bible, Tract, Missionary, Sunday Schools—all building up the Church of God among seamen! Then again we see the Seamen's Friend Society rising up like a little cloud, but will soon overshadow the great deep. Look at the Sailor's Home in New York under their care. If the landlord would not go to Norfolk to welcome his boarders home, he would take good care of and

pray for them when they did come home. Also a Saving's Bank for seamen, a Sailor's Snug Harbor, a Sailor's Retreat for the comfort of the sick and old weather-beaten sailor. But I shall weary your patience in adding any more. Why, the Cold Water Army in the Mariner's Church in Catharine street would be enough to take Richmond now if they had not a Bethel Church there. Oh, how many souls of sailors have been saved by these societies. But our Saviour did not pass by the fishermen of Galilee when he chose his disciples; and why should sailors be neglected? President Lincoln depends much on the web-feet gentry in closing up this war. I hope these societies will struggle on. The widow's mite was not neglected. You all can do something; if nothing else, pray for us; and when the voyage of life is over may it be said of us, "Well done thou good and faithful servant, enter into the joys of your Lord."

MORRIS OSBORN.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Valparaiso.

REV. FR. MULLER, *Chaplain*.

REV. H. LOOMIS,—*Dear Brother*,—I feel it my duty to answer your kind letter (Feb. 17), and to send you a few words of what the Lord has done during the last six months here in Valparaiso for his kingdom, and how the sales are getting on. From 9th of February, 1863, to the 7th of February, 1864, sold:

Spanish Bibles and Testaments, 344; Spanish volumes, 1,511; English Bibles and Testaments, 187, English volumes, 1,417; different languages, 128, different volumes, 163; total, 3,750 volumes, \$1,493 89. Distributed tracts and newspapers 22,192; visited families, 1,727; hospitals, 144; boarded ships, 531; prayed in families, hospitals and on board, 305.

I wouldn't neglect to mention that since 1st of November, 1863, until present time (six months) the Lord has done great wonders in hospitals and on board of ships here in our place. Many souls who slept were awakened. Many to whom the word of God was hidden, it is now the bread of life.

From my own observation here, I am more than ever convinced, that the pure Word of God is the great necessity of our fallen humanity. I think that many cheerless hearts have been made happy by the teachings and love of Him, who is the way, the truth and the life. From our Valparaiso Missionary Committee I got the order to deliver to every seaman, who is not able to buy a Bible or Testament, one gratis. It is a pleasure to see how Fridays, and sometimes on Sundays (as often as I enter into the hospitals) every one has his Bible in hand, to meet with me in prayer and reading the Word of God. Last Christmas day I spent about four hours in the American hospital, and the afternoon in some English families, and think that it was the most blessed day I spent in Chili. In the hospital I commenced worship by singing a hymn and prayer, and no doubt, that the Spirit of God moved in every heart. After I left this room, I paid my visit to some others in private rooms. Leaving the hospital, one German sailor (Jahnke) was waiting for me outside. He said nearly these words: "Now, Mr. Muller, I am waiting for you to speak with you alone. I feel to-day very sorry for all what I have done; that I was such a wild man, and that the Lord did not find me earlier than now; but I am now old enough to begin another life. From to-day I will serve the Lord from all my heart, and it shall be earnest in me to follow Christ." Forty-eight hours later the Lord called him home, a new man, after eating some pears. He suffered only about twenty-five minutes, but died happy. Mr. R. from Honolulu, and Mr. F., a German, who were likewise present on the 25th of Dec., confessed some weeks later, to have found peace in Jesus. In a short time I expect two letters from Honolulu, where two seamen went from here, rejoicing in the Lord. One of them was captain on board a whaler, the other M. Br., likewise engaged in the same business.

Monday, the 18th of Jan., came a young man from on board of the A. C. to the depository, anxious and inquiring in what way he can live as a Christian, to leave the vessel, or to stay on board. I told him to go again

on board, to do his duty, and to pray more in earnest that the Lord may forgive him his sins. Some days later as I boarded the vessel I saw a quite different man in him, and hope he will keep his promise.

Saturday 23d of Jan.—I made to-day again the experience that the Lord has everywhere his instrumentalities on land and on water. To a very strict Roman Catholic, I spoke about a month ago on board of the lost C of W——n. The mate Mr. D., who heard our conversation, came and told this man the same word, which I mentioned already (about following Christ, &c.). I left the vessel after giving him some good tracts. To-day I spoke to him on board of the A——o, and he said: "O! Mr. Muller, I thought a long while on the things you told me, read the tracts, and see now how ignorant I was. My aim shall be from now to follow Christ alone, to try and keep his commandments. With Mr. Birth, in the English hospital, whom I mentioned in my last report, I prayed to-day the last time (1st of April). One day more, and the Lord delivered him from all his pain. He died as a brave disciple of Christ.

Dear Brother,—I think it is for this time sufficient to let you know how merciful the Lord has been to us here in Valparaiso. Often I got great oppositions and persecutions, mostly from my own countrymen; but what is it against that which our dear Saviour has done for me. With joy and encouragement I am laboring among seamen, and hope to see many fruits more. I trust to have in a short time some words from you again. Remember me in your prayers.

Yours, FR. MULLER.

N. B.—To-day I received a letter from the steward of the J. B. (Coquimbo) wherein he mentioned that, if the Lord bring him back to Valparaiso, I shall see a true Christian brother in him. He is thankful for my advice, and begged me to pray for him.

Loss of Commerce.

Owing to the privateering of the rebels, it is calculated that over 400 vessels, hitherto accustomed to trade between Europe and the United States,

and representing 300,000 tons, have transferred their nationality to England. From January 1 to June 30, 1860, the number of vessels cleared from New York for foreign ports was 1,795; of which 1,133 were American, and 662 were foreign. From January 1 to June 30, 1863, there were 2,197 vessels cleared for foreign ports; of which 1,450 were foreign (principally British), and 747 American. This terrible gain to England and loss to us has been the result of the Alabama and her sister pirates.

Deaths in the Seamen's Retreat, Stapleton, S. I.

Hugh Deas, aged 33, South Carolina, died Nov. 16, 1863; Charles Lankil, 21, Germany, Nov. 21; Nehemiah Nickerson, 18, Nova Scotia, Nov. 23; David Chambers, 60 Maryland, Nov. 28; James Carley, 28, Ireland, Dec. 5; Francis Pike, 52, Massachusetts, Dec. 9; Reuben Hopper, 30, New Brunswick, Dec. 10; James Smith, 31, Ireland, Dec. 18; Charles Gray, 41, Ireland, Dec. 20; John Hedenburg, 45, Sweden, Dec. 25; Alex. Moore, 23, New York, Dec. 26; Richard Smith, 30, Ireland, January 2, 1864; James Page, 39, England, Jan. 9; Joseph P. Rebillard, 42, France, Jan. 10; Henry Boggs, 33, Maryland, Jan. 10; Julius Canell, 31, Germany, Jan. 12; John Baptist, 27 France, Jan. 12; Angelo Pugean, 23, Italy, Jan. 16; Marshall Dean, 33, Connecticut, Jan. 18; Ignatius Domingo, 45, Manilla, Jan. 22; Thos. Hutchinson, 36, England, Jan. 23; James Rogus, 57, South Carolina, Jan. 29; Henry Smith, 59, Belgium, Feb. 11; Wm. Randolph, 36, New Brunswick, Feb. 15; Wm. Post, 22, Germany, Feb. 17; Thos. Lubkey, 34, Germany, March 6; August Newman, 42, Prussia, March 13; Andrew Baxter, 58, New Jersey, March 16; Wm. F. G. Ellis, 38, Caracoa, March 19; Enoch Oliver, 20, Wales, March 21; Levi Bedford, 25, Nova Scotia, March 23; Benjamin Mahew, 60, England, March 23; Philip Wakley, 48, New York, April 6; John Sprate, 30, Ireland, April 12; Peter Stroif, 28, Belgium, April 18.

THOS. H. SKINNER, JR.,
Chaplain.

Marine Disasters, August, 1864.

The number of American mercantile seagoing craft reported during the past month as totally lost is a melancholy record. There were 50 reported, of which no less than 27 were destroyed by the Confederate cruiser Tallahassee, and one by the Florida. Unless more determined and persistent measures are adopted by the authorities at Washington to protect our commerce from the depredations of these unscrupulous rovers, we fear our monthly records will continue for some time to evidence their activity in the work of destruction.

The whole number reported wrecked, or otherwise lost, amounts to 50, of which one was a steamer, 5 ships, 6 barks, 4 brigs, and 34 schooners. Of these 14 were wrecked, 13 burnt, 16 scuttled, 1 abandoned, 2 foundered, 3 run down, and 1 (the pilot boat Jas. Funk); captured by the Tallahassee and converted into a privateer.

The following are their names, destination, &c.:

[Those indicated by the letter *w*, were wrecked; *b*, burnt; *a*, abandoned; *s*, scuttled; *r d*, run down; *f*, foundered.

STEAMER.

Alice Bruce, *w*.

SHIPS.

Julius (Brem.), *w*. from Cardiff, for Baltimore.
Lila Mansfield, *w.** from St. Stephen, for Liverpool.
Adriatic, *b. l* from London, for New York.
Jas. Littlefield, *s. l*, from Cardiff, for New York.
Jas. Smith (Br.) *w*. from Liverpool, for Phil'a.
D. L. Choate, *f*. from Bassein, for Falmouth, E.
Jas. Holmes, *w. l* (at Bassein.)

BARKS.

Harriet Stevens, *b. l* from Jamaica, for N. York.
Sebra Crooker, *w*, from Mantanzas, for Portland.
Bay State, *b. l* from Alexandria, for Boston.
Glen Avon, *s. l* from Glasgow, for New York.
P. C. Alexander, *s. l* from New York, for Pictou.
Pacific, *w.** from Brisbane, for Sidney, N. S. W.

BRIGS.

A. Richards, *b. l* from Glace Bay, for New York.
Carrie Estelle, *b. l* from Machias, for Providence.
Billow, *s. l*
Wm. and Mary, *w*. from Bridgeport, N. S., for New York.

SCHOONERS.

N. M. Tanner, *w*. from Nassau, for Philadelphia.
Columbia, *w*. from Boston, for Camden.
Morning Star, *w*. from Manila, for New York.
Arion, *w*. from Providence, for Millbridge.
Jas. Funk, *s* (New York Pilot Boat.)
Atlantic, *b. l* from Addison, for New York.
Sarah A. Boyce, *b. l* from Boston, for Phil'a.
Wm. Bell, *b. l* (New York Pilot Boat.)
Sirene, *b. l*.
Billow, *a*.
Harbinger, *r. d*.
Spokane, *b. l* from Calias, for Philadelphia.
Lamont Dupont, *s. l*.
Mercy A. Howe, *s. l* (Fishing vessel, of Chatham.)
J. H. Howes, *s. l* (Fishing vessel, of Gloucester.)
Carl, *b. l*
Magnolia, *b. l*.
Palmyra, *w*. from Portland, for New York.
Howard, *s. l*
Coral Wreath, *s. l* (Fishing vessel, of Westport.)
Etta Caroline, *s. l*.
Rasselas, *s. l*.
Hy. Howe, *s. l*.
Flora Reed, *s. l* (Fishing vessel of Georgetown, Me.)
North America, *s. l*.
Josiah Achorn, *s. l*.
Sarah Louisa, *s. l*.
John W. Miner, *b*. from N. York, for N. Orleans.

Sallie, *w.* from Baltimore, for San Andreas.
John E. Patten, *r. d.* from Rondout, for Boston.
Fleetwing, *f.* (Fishing vessel of Gloucester.)
Hannah, *w.* from Rondout, for Providence.
Louise, *r. d.* from San Francisco, for Tornales.
Minnesota, *w.* from Philadelphia, for Medford.

It is probable, as the telegraphic reports were somewhat confused, that one or two of the vessels reported destroyed by the Tallahassee may be duplicated under somewhat similar names. The report from Shediak, published on Monday, that the Tallahassee had destroyed 22 more fishing vessels, off North Cape, P. E. I., is presumed to be untrue, no confirmation having been received.

The total value of the above domestic craft (exclusive of cargoes) is estimated at \$525,000.

Partial losses are not included in the list.

* Under British flag.

† Destroyed by the Tallahassee.

‡ Destroyed by the Florida.

§ Captured by the Tallahassee, and converted into a privateer.

¶ Supposed lost.

Receipts for August, 1864.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Hopkinton—Friends, \$12 20
Kensington—Rev. E. D. Eldridge, and family, 2 00

VERMONT.

Barre—Meth. Episc. Ch., in part, const. Rev. H. R. Cobb L. M., 13 85
S. School Cong. Ch., ships' library, 9 00
Fairfax—Baptist Ch., balance, 3 00
Georgia—Cong. Ch., ships' library, 12 00
Baptist Ch., ships' library, 10 25
Newbury—Cong. Ch., 25 68
Peacham—Cong. Ch., \$12 from Dea. E. O. Chamberlain, and family, ships' library, \$25.76 from S. School, for ships' libraries, 56 08
Meth. Ep. Ch., for ship's library, 4 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Athol—Cong. Ch., 28 77
Boston—G. Edmonds, 10 00
Cambridge—J. E. Worcester, 5 00
Enfield—S. School, for ships' libraries, and const. Miss Myra Merriam, Miss Rachel E. Hawes, Miss Clara Potter, Life Members, 57 35
Benev. Society, \$10 from Edw. Smith, const. Edw P. Smith L. M., 22 65
Fall River—Central Ch., 96 60
Hatfield—S. School, 5 00
Northampton—John Clarke, 25 00
Norton—Cong. Ch., 17 27
Paxton—I. Keep, 0 65
Plymouth—Ch. of the Pilgrims, 30 00
Sandwich—Cong. Ch., 21 25
Meth. Ep. Ch., 8 70
Southboro—Pilgrim Ch., 13 65
Sudbury—Cong. Ch., 25 73
Taunton—West Ch., 17 00
Walpole—Cong. Ch., 15 44
Wilkinsonville—A Friend, ships' libr., 10 00
Worcester—Cong. Ch., 49 11

CONNECTICUT.

Ansonia—Cong. S. School, ships' libr., and const. Dea. John Jackson L. M., 22 70
Collinsville—Cong. Ch., 53 75
East Woodstock—Cong. Ch., 20 00
Pomfret—Rev. Walter S. Alexander, const. L. M. by Cong. Ch. (amount previously acknowledged).
Pogonnock—Cong. S. School, ships' libraries, and const. Rev. C. H. Bissell L. M., 30 00
Salisbury—Cong. Ch. (balance), 39 90

Simsbury—First Cong. Ch. (addition), 25 00
South Norwalk—Miss M. A. Seymour, 1 00
Stratford—Cong. Ch., 100 04
Cong. Ch. S. School, 20 00
Watertown—Cong. Ch., 102 00

NEW YORK.

Albany—Late Sam. G. Gates, 116 52
Champlain—Pres. Ch. (in part), \$20 from Geo. V. Hoyle, const. self L. M., 61 50
Montgomery—First Presby. Ch., const. Rev. Joseph M. McNulty L. M., 20 00
New York City—Capt. Thompson, ship Lawrence, 5 00
Capt. J. Gardens, bark Alert, 5 00
Grateful, U. S. steamer Lackawanna, 5 00
D. D. Williamson, 5 00
Henry A. Hurlbut, 20 00
M. Armstrong jr., 10 00
H. Ford, 20 00
G. G. Williams, 5 00
T. Ketcham, 10 00
F. Dodd, 5 00
New Hackensack—Ref. Dutch Ch. (balance), const. William Seward L. M., 2 00
S. School, ships' library, 12 00
Ogdensburg—Bapt. S. School, for two ships' libraries, and const. James S. Howard L. M., 24 00
Pres. Ch., \$20 from Miss M. L. Newcomb, const. self L. M., 64 50
Baptist Ch., 7 17
Plattsburg—Friend, 1 00
Pokeepsie—Mrs. M. J. Myers, 25 00
Williamsburg—S. S. First Presb. Ch. (in addition), for ships' library, 2 00

NEW JERSEY.

Morristown—South Pres. Ch., 83 50
Newark—Second Pres. Ch., 59 41
Friend, 1 00
Passaic—Ref. Dutch Ch., 46 55
Ref. Dutch Ch. S. School, const. Rev. J. Paschal Strong L. M., 36 00
Patterson—First Pres. Ch., 17 25

OHIO.

Bellbrook—Daniel Holmes, 5 00
Andrew Holmes, 1 00

WEST INDIES.

Friends, for ships' library, 18 00
1,715 02

RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN BETHEL SOCIETY,

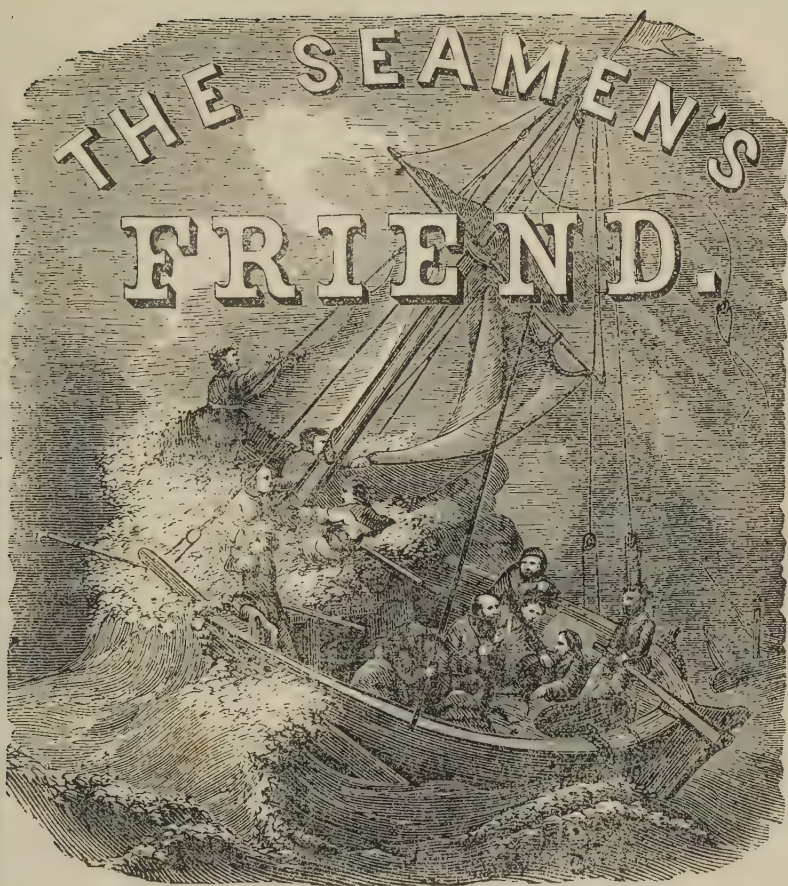
From March 19th, 1864, to 1st July, 1864.

Clifton, Baptist church, 18 70
Gains and Murry, Baptist church, 16 50
Genessee Association, 16 50
Leroy, Meth. Epis. church, 8 24
Pres. church, 25 03
Lockport, Baptist church, 13 85
Lowerton, Meth. Epis. church, 4 71
Littlefalls, Baptist church, 18 00
Pres. church, 23 25
Meth. Epis. church, 4 65
E. P. church, 2 25
Lewiston, Pres. church, 12 50
Monroe Association, 12 25
Mrs. Pardee Phelps, 3 00
Sennett, Baptist church, 11 92
Pres. church, 3 50
Meth. Epis. church, 70
Swedintelenter, Pres. church, 11 50
Wyoming, Baptist church, 15 81
Meth. Epis. church, 6 19
Wilson, Meth. Epis. church, 3 26
Baptist church, 14 30
Pres. church, 7 00
Wheatland, Baptist church, 16 20

\$269 71

ISRAEL STARKS, Agent.

THE SEAMEN'S FRIEND.



CHRIST IN THE STORM.]

MATT. VIII: 24, 25.

To the Sailor.

Mr. Editor:—Will you please give the following lines a place in your paper if you think they are of sufficient worth to occupy some corner. I am the wife of a sailor, the mother of a sailor, and the sister of a sailor, therefore I can take the liberty to say a few words to them, and feel that they will be heeded by that class of men.

Much is doing and much has been done for the mariners, for to them be-

longs the privilege of carrying the Gospel to all nations. They are to help to Christianize the world. They are a mighty trumpet which the Great Unseen Father uses to proclaim the good news to the heathen, that they have a Saviour, a dear Saviour who is "the way, the truth, the life," by whom we can all go to God the Father.

What a responsibility rests upon the sailor, and how important that he should prepare himself for the life-work which is before him. How important that he should be a Christian sailor,

ready to stand up for Jesus under all circumstances. Then let me entreat you, my dear friends, to "set your house in order" while the day lasts, for "the night cometh in which no man can work." As a mother, as a woman, as one who is interested in you, I would urge you to resist the many temptations which beset you; the temptations of the inebriating cup which brings sin and misery upon yourself and those around you. How many leave home with a mother's blessing and prayer resting upon them, a mother's fond kiss imprinted upon their manly brow, and her last parting advice sounding in their ears, that they may return as pure in their morals as when they left the family circle. How many have left home under such auspices and yet (sad to say) amid the stir and confusion of ship-life have made shipwreck of their never dying souls, have been drawn into the vortex of dissipation, have forgotten the last prayer, the last kiss, the last words of that dear mother: have stifled conscience, that faithful monitor, which has daily and hourly striven to bring them back to themselves, to their own better natures, the teaching of that religious feeling which I think God planted in the heart of the sailor. The sailor lives an excited life, amid the conflict of the elements, the arriving at distant ports, the confinement on shipboard, with many times unsuitable companions; all these things help to make the sailor what he is. While in port he feels the need of that excitement; he is restless, uneasy, weary of doing nothing, and resorts to the dram-shop (that curse of sailor's life) thinking that he must have its excitement in order to be happy. Then he forgets the hour of his youth, the mother who bore him, the sister who so unwillingly parted with him. Then he forgets himself, his soul, and the God to whom he is accountable. He forgets that no drunkard can inherit eternal life; and sinks down, down to ruin, often to fill a drunkard's grave, unhonored and unlamented, far from the land of his birth, far from those who would gladly, if they could, win him back to the paths of temperance, morality, and religion. The sailor is genial, frank, and open in his nature,

free to a fault with what he earns, and always ready to lend a willing ear, and a ready hand, to the entreaties of those around him, yet with all these noble traits of character how few live the life which the Great Father designed they should. The dance-house and the intoxicating bowl, change them from the image of their Creator into worse than fiends. Must this be? Must we give up our husbands, our sons, without doing all that mothers, that women can do? No, never! let us, who are the mothers of sailors, put our shoulders to the wheel with Herculean strength, and strive to save them. Let us put our confidence and faith in God, who is the hearer and answerer of prayer, and believe that we shall not be turned away without a blessing upon our sons. I love the sailor; there is something noble in the character of the *Christian* sailor, and I feel that God could not have entrusted the spread of the Gospel to better hands or more willing hearts. Oh, sailor, pause and think; will you not strive to do as God wills that you should? Will you not think of a mother's last prayer, will you not keep the advice of one, who, from your earliest recollection has been interested in you?

I can look back to the time when but little was done for the sailor. The ship-owner passed him by unheeded. The merchant thought of him only as a sailor! but the landlord, the boarding-house keeper, he was thoughtful of him, and is now, ready to put the deadly poison to his lips, then, with the eagerness of the shark for his prey, seize upon his hard earnings, and leave him to find when his lucid moments return, that he is friendless, homeless, and penniless. With interest I have watched the growth of the Mariner's Church, its Temperance Society, the Temperance Society connected with the Dover-street Mission, and have felt that there was a blessing for the sailor, that God had a mission for them, and he would gather them in his loving arms, and take them to his fold. What encouragement for women to be faithful, to pray and to work for them! for to her, more than to man, belongs these blessed privileges. She is pre-eminently qualified to warn him of

his dangers; she is his mother, and what more redeeming word can be used to touch the noble feelings of his heart and win him to virtue and sobriety. Sailors, men of the sea, shun the damning cup as you would deadly poison; shun the dance-house as you would the broad road to ruin; and strive to enter into the narrow way, which leads to life eternal. Remember that God's eye is constantly upon you, and that he will bless every effort which you make to do right. Remember your mother; let that word be as a magic with you; keep her counsels, her parting advice, fresh in your memory is the prayer of

A SAILOR'S MOTHER.

—*Sea and Land.*

The Sailors' Meeting.

It was a hot, sultry Sabbath evening. We took our seats near the pulpit. Soon after, the exercises begun by the singing of that beautiful hymn of Wesley:

"Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise."

Father Taylor then poured out his heart in his own fervent, peculiar style, invoking God's blessing on the services in which we were to engage. He then addressed the sailors, who filled eight or ten front pews, upon the claims of Christ, and urged all present to bear testimony for him. A stranger arose, and taking for a text the remark just made by the leader, "Christ postponed is Christ rejected," illustrated the melancholy loss of those who, "almost persuaded," and so *almost* saved, are not wholly persuaded and so, very near to, wholly fail of heaven. A few weeks before, he saw, while passing Portland Lights, the wreck of the ill-fated Bohemian, many of whose passengers found a watery grave even within sight of the spires of the city, and within sound of her evening bells.

Prayer followed in behalf of any present who were awakened to a sense of their danger, as well as for the three and a half million men of the sea. Again we joined in singing. A sailor arose. "I have tried to serve Christ 23 years, and he has always been near to me wherever I have been. I have suffered persecution. I've been tied

to the rigging, and had thirty-nine lashes on my bare back, till each blow brought blood, but Jesus didn't desert me even then. *I mean to go to heaven cost what it may!*" Another sun-burnt, weather-beaten sailor followed. He spoke broken English. "The same blood what wash me first, I want to cleanse me all the way." Sweet voices then sung,

"Must Jesus bear the cross alone?"

Father Taylor entered into the spirit of it and accompanied the singing with "bless his name!" and hearty amens. His natural fire and force seem little abated, and he loves Zion's songs as well as ever. A minister from the West gave an interesting testimony as to the profitableness of serving God. A captain who would not leave port on the Sabbath, again and again outsailed his Sabbath-breaking associates, and showed that it was profitable even for this life to obey God. "Now rub that out if you can!" exclaimed the delighted leader. "Bro-M—, how are you?" he kindly and encouragingly said, as a sailor in a timid, hesitating way took the floor to bear witness for the Master whom he had loved for one and twenty years.

An interesting incident was narrated of the wisdom of patiently bearing the losses and crosses of life. A gentleman starting from Boston for Europe fell as he went aboard the ship and broke his leg. Although exceedingly disappointed in being left behind, he expressed cheerful acquiescence in God's will. The vessel sailed and was never heard from! Then his faith and patience had their reward. Other sailors arose, sometimes two at once, the interest increasing as the hour sped. Another hymn was sung.

"This life is not a fleeting show."

An account of the dying triumphs of a Christian sea captain was given by a brother who had just come from that privileged spot "where the good man meets his fate." Another in earnest tones avows his loyalty to Christ, and urges his fellow sailors to enlist under the standard of the cross. So the evening passed. Reluctantly did the venerable leader give the signal for dismissal. "We won't *close*, but only adjourn" this meeting till to-morrow

evening," adding appointments for the week and directing our minds to the endless fellowship of the redeemed, of which these precious seasons are but anticipative.

Christ knocking at the Poor Man's Door.

(Jean Ingelow's volume of exquisite poems containing a sermon on knocking at the door, from which we make one brief extract, and only wish we could find room to print the whole.)

There was a poor old man
Who sat and listened to the raging sea,
And heard it thunder, lunging at the cliffs
As like to tear them down. He lay at night,
And, "Lord have mercy on the lads!" said he,
"That sailed at noon, tho' they be none of mine;
For when the gale gets up, and when the wind
Flings at the window, when it beats the roof,
And lulls and stops and rouses up again,
And cuts the crest clean off the plunging wave,
And scatters it like feathers up the fields,
Why then I think of my two lads: my lads
That would have worked and never let me want,
And never let me take the parish pay.
No, none of mine; my lads were drowned at sea,
My two—before the most of these were born.
I know how sharp that cuts, since my poor wife
Walked up and down, and still walked up and down,

And I walked after, and one could not hear
A word the other said, for wind and sea
That raged and beat and thundered in the night—
The awfullest, the longest, lightest night
That ever parents had to spend. A moon
That shone like daylight on the breaking wave.
Ah, me! and other men have lost their lads,
And other women wiped their poor dead mouths.

"Ay, I was strong
And able-bodied—loved my work; but now
I am a useless hulk; 't is time I sunk;
I am in all men's way; I trouble them;
I am a trouble to myself: but yet
I feel for mariners of stormy nights,
And feel for wives that watch ashore. Ay, ay,
If I had learning I would pray the Lord
To bring them in; but I'm no scholar, no;
Book-learning is a world too hard for me;
But I make bold to say, 'O Lord, good Lord,
I am a broken-down poor man, a fool
To speak to Thee: but in the book 't is writ,
As I hear say from others that can read,
How, when Thou comest, Thou didst love the sea,
And live with fisher folk, whereby 't is said,
Thou knowest all the peril they go through,
And all their trouble. As for me, good Lord,
I have no boat; I am too old, too old—
My lads are drowned; I buried my poor wife;
My little lasses died so long ago
That mostly I forget what they were like.
Thou knowest, Lord, they were such little ones.
I know they went to Thee, but I forget
Their faces, though I missed them sore.

"O Lord,
I was a strong man—I have drawn good food
And made good money out of Thy great sea—
But yet I cried for them at night; and now,
Although I be so old, I miss my lads.
And there be many folk this stormy night
Heavy with fear for theirs. Merciful Lord,
Comfort them! Save their honest boys, their
pride,

And let them hear, next ebb, the blesseddest
Best sound—the boat-keels grating on the sand.
But Lord, I am a trouble! and I sit
And I am lonesome, and the nights are few
That any think to come and draw a chair,

And sit in my poor place and talk awhile.
Why should they come, forsooth? Only the wind
Knocks at my door, O long and loud it knocks,
The only thing God made that has a mind
To enter in."

Yea, thus the old man spake,
These were the last words of his aged mouth,—
BUT ONE DID KNOCK. One came to sup with him,
That humble, weak old man! knocked at his door
In the rough pauses of the laboring wind.

What He said
In that poor place where he did talk awhile,
I cannot tell: but this I am assured,
That when the neighbors came the morrow morn,
What time the wind had bated, and the sun
Shone on the old man's floor, they saw the smile
He passed away in, and they said, "He looks
As he had woke and seen the face of Christ,
And with that rapturous smile held out his arms
To come to Him."

Can such an one be here?
So old, so weak, so ignorant, so frail,
The Lord be good to thee, thou poor old man;
It would be hard with thee if heaven were shut
To such as have not learning. Nay, nay, nay,
He condescends to them of low estate:
To such as are despised He cometh down,
Stands at the door and knocks.

A Noble Gift.

In the midst of the panic in New York yesterday—and it was one of the "bluest" days the metropolis has known in a long time—the chairman of the finance committee of the Brooklyn and Long Island Christian Commission received from a prominent New York merchant a check for five hundred dollars, with the following sententious note: "Compliments of ———; you needn't and mustn't tell my name." At the time, and under the circumstances, it was a peculiarly noble gift.

Apropos to which, we would call the attention of our readers to the communication in our columns to-day from the sailor boy off Mobile; it shows that our Commission have a good field in our Brooklyn Navy Yard.—*Tribune.*

Something Should be done for the Blue Jackets.

The following letter, from an attaché of the Gulf Squadron to his mother in this city, treats of a subject well worth attention:

U. S. gunboat——, off Mobile Bay.

Dear mother: I have just got hold of a religious paper called the "American Messenger," and I think it is a good paper, with one exception: it is introduced to, and all for the benefit of, the soldier. Nothing of the kind for the sailor. Do you know how they

get them? They are sent out from Christian Associations at home, for the exclusive right and use of the soldiers; and the way they get on ship-board is this: every Government transport brings out from home a certain number of papers, tracts, periodicals, Testaments, etc., for the army; and when there is a surplus, poor Jack may get a book or a paper to read. The people at home seem to think that the blue jackets need nothing of the kind—that the army needs them more; but there is where they make a grand mistake.

There is no set of men on the face of this earth that need something to read, and something to bring them to the sense of their duty and near civilization, more than the blue jackets comprising Uncle Sam's navy. Here we are, isolated from the world, you may say, in an open and dreary sea, with nothing to claim attention for the mind; and such prospects, I can assure you, bring the men into a senseless and morbid state of mind. They feel as a body that they are slighted by the community at home; they feel as if no one cares for them, and, in the course of time, become careless, reckless, and without sense of any kind of propriety. Oh! if some of those ministers and Christian associations at home were to see them as I have seen them, they would soon, I think, have reading matter for the sailors.

When a mail comes on board, mark the contrast. Here is a man who receives letters and papers from home every other mail. Mark with what avidity the lone, homeless sailor devours the pictures of a pictorial over the shoulder of another. Mark what a melancholy look is on his face when he sees letters read from dear ones at home; and with what a disappointed look he turns away when he thinks at the same time, what is almost true, that no one cares for him.

What have the armies of this great and glorious republic done more than the blue jackets of the navy, that they should receive more reward and thanks, and all kinds of benefits? Have they done any more for the country? No; nor in my estimation as much. Have not we, as a body, opened all the seaports from the Rio Grande to Hat-

teras Inlet—a compass of nearly 4,000 miles? Have we not as much hardship to endure? All kinds of weather to brave with no covering but the heavens? Ah! the good people of the North will find, when it is too late, that they have not given Jack his due.

Then again, on the field of battle, a soldier has ten chances to Jack's one. He has a door to back out of if too hard-pressed, while the sailor has to stand and take it, sometimes with the muzzles of the guns touching that of the enemy's; and, in a word, there is no such word as retreat in Jack's vocabulary.

Look at all these sanitary fairs for the benefit of the wounded and sick soldiers. Now I don't begrudge them it at all; but, in all your going round, do you not see the sympathies of the people with the soldier? Can or have you heard of one good word or good opinion spoken for the sailor? No, I think I can hear you say, not one.

Then again, the cry is that contractors are robbing soldiers and dressing them in shoddy, etc.—worthless stuff, not fit for a soldier. Do you ever hear of the sailors being robbed by contractors? No; and why? Because not one of the big-feeling, spouting, stay-at-home patriots care for looking into the matter. They have nothing to do with that, they don't care, etc.

Now, South here, it is different. Where the Union people of the South can assist the blue-jackets they do it, with the remark that the loyal people of the North look out for the army, let us look out for the blue-jackets. This slight from those at home is not only felt on board of this vessel, but on board of every one composing this squadron, and no doubt all the squadrons.

Then again, we must wait weeks at times for the mail to come here, because the heads of the department think we are nothing but sailors; while the soldier can get his letters, and great care is taken that they are forwarded to him as quickly as possible. It is no wonder that seamen will not enter the navy, when they see that there is so much more room for improvement and comfort in the army. If a soldier is sick and sent to the hospital (from what I read), he is

well taken care of, and actually coaxed back to life; while a sailor may linger and linger on board of a ship for months (as I have seen them here), and then be sent home worthless, broken down in constitution, and actually a burden to himself.

This state of things ought not to be. We are all fighting in one good cause, and ought all to be treated alike. Then again, here are some men who have never been to sea before, who, at the commencement of this war, were thrown out of work. They shipped as landsmen, leaving wife and children at home, and they must find food off the pittance he can leave them—\$12 a month his pay and find himself, \$6 of which he must send home, or his wife and children will starve. Now a soldier on enlisting gets a bounty—a large one—and an outfit, besides clothes during the year. Jack can get nothing but what he pays for, even his food.

I could keep up this and write on this subject for pages yet, but I will now close by sending my love to you, father, and all, hoping to hear from you soon, and that God may hear your prayers for your sailor boy.

We let Jack speak for himself, not allowing the justice of all his complaints. The writer did not know of all that is done for sailors.—Ed.

Marine Temperance Society.

ITS HISTORY AND THIRTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

This venerable Society, organized in the early part of the great movement for the christianization of seamen, and which has been a most powerful auxiliary to the Gospel among them, celebrated its thirty-first anniversary in the Mariner's Church, corner of Madison and Catharine Streets, on Tuesday evening, the 5th of April.

HISTORY.

In the summer of 1830, a beautiful ship was seen coming up the harbor of New York, bearing the products of foreign climes. Order, peace and happiness prevailed on board. The captain was a man of prayer, bold and persevering in efforts for the good of seamen. No intoxicating drinks were

allowed. The experiment worked well.

The captain, seated in his cabin, wrote to the Editor of the SAILOR'S MAGAZINE as follows: "I have long since been convinced that no efforts of the friends of seamen to ameliorate their wretched condition would be attended with much success, unless aimed at the very root of the evil, which I believe to be *intemperance*. This is, undoubtedly, the stronghold of the enemy of seamen. More than half of the American and British seamen are, it is to be feared, irrevocably lost by giving way to this vice; and unless the *greatest exertions* are made, accompanied with the blessing of God, we shall see more than half the others following in the same broad, crowded road, to destruction. I have navigated a ship of about five hundred tons two years, with a crew of twenty seamen, without ardent spirits, except as a medicine, and only about half a gallon in that way—and this, I am decidedly of opinion, did more hurt than good. *I am of opinion that a Seamen's Temperance Society, properly conducted, would have a very good effect.*"

As suggested above, the Marine Temperance Society of the Port of New York was organized in the Mariner's Church, Roosevelt St., on Thursday evening, February 21st, 1833.

On that memorable evening, thirty-one years ago, eighty signed the pledge; and from that day to this the ball has been kept rolling.

Captain E. Richardson, the writer of the above letter, was elected President, and with the exception of two years, when away, has been the efficient President of the Society to the present. May he long be spared to the Society, and to the cause of seamen, in which he has been so long and so successfully engaged.

ANNUAL REPORT.

During the past year, this Society has been called to additional duties, and labors greater than ever before, in consequence of the great increase of intemperance; for it *has* increased in this city to a fearful extent. Rum-shops have sprung up in all directions, and a large majority of grocers have incorporated the sale of liquors into their business. In this state of things this Society has endeavored to increase

its usefulness, by extending its operations. An Auxiliary Society has been formed at Sailor's Snug Harbor, Staten Island, where 111 have signed the pledge. This Society has also held monthly meetings at the Mission corner of Water and Dover streets, which have been deeply interesting. The number of members now enrolled under the pledge of this Society is 39,344. 610 have been added during the past year.—*The Sea and Land.*

Report of Ola Helland, Missionary.

I am often reminded of the words in the Book of Daniel, and sometimes think that I am one of the many that are there spoken of, as running to and fro to increase knowledge, as I distribute Bibles, Testaments, Religious Books, Tracts, Magazines and papers on board of ships, steamers and other vessels; and my Heavenly Father knows that I pray when I select my tracts as much as when I distribute them. I spend from 9 to 10 o'clock every morning in the Sailor's Home, to supply any that are ready to go to sea with religious reading, and converse with them on the need of giving *their* heart to God, and also to induce the Christian sailors to work for the Lord when at sea or in foreign ports, giving them a supply of religious matter for distribution. One captain reported to me on his return from Cuba: "I prayed the Lord to open the way for me to distribute the tracts you gave me. A Spaniard came on board, asking if I had any reading matter to let him have; I told him I had some tracts. He received them gladly, stating that he was a school teacher in the country, and would give them to the children, and the children would read them at home. Said the Spaniard: 'they are worth more than a hundred dollars to me.'" The captain felt very happy to have thus the privilege to do good.

One whom I had supplied with tracts for distribution among seamen in this port gives me the following facts: "A sailor, a native of Scotland, was well versed in God's word, but unconverted. After a long conversation, I gave him the tract 'My Mother,' which moved his heart, as he

remembered he was on the way to eternal death over a mother's prayers. He told me that he meant to turn to his mother's Saviour. He went to sea not far from the Kingdom, and intended to return home to see that mother, who had so long prayed for her wandering son."

I have sent 33 Libraries to sea for the American Seamen's Friend Society. Thus 1,400 volumes are preaching and instructing the seamen on every sea. This work is destined to make, and has already made a great impression for good. In making arrangements with the captain and mates to take these libraries with them, I often have the privilege to recommend Christ to them, and in this way I learn more of the character of the captains and officers that sail out of this port than perhaps I could in any other way.

The services held among the Scandinavians in Brooklyn have been very interesting. The numbers who have attended have been much larger than we had anticipated, as a large number of Norwegian and Swedish vessels have been in port; and truly the Lord has made one in our midst. At every meeting some have risen in prayer, sometimes as many as 12 to 15. We cannot tell what the result will be. Most of them go home to tell what they have seen and felt. One Sabbath, after service, as I was going home, I entered into conversation with some of the sailors. Turning to one of them I said: "How is it with you?" He shook his head, looked down, and said: "The body is well, but—" he stopped, shook his head, and said, "I have been in many places in this world, but never witnessed what I have to-day; God have mercy on us poor sinners!" Two weeks after, as I was going home from the meeting, the same sailor came and told me that for eight days he had been in despair, "but the Lord came at last, and I am now happy in God's pardoning love;" and his countenance gave witness to the truthfulness of his statement.

Much could be written that would be interesting in connexion with these strangers who come here. They hear the word of God preached in its sim-

plicity. They hear of the sinner's Friend; they are strangers in a strange land; they feel the need of a friend, and blessed be God, many of them have found the sinner's Friend. Very few who support and send out Missionaries have any idea of the good that is done to strangers. Eternity alone will unfold it. As I am a stranger myself, I know the heart of a stranger, as God said to Israel, "Seeing ye were strangers in the Land of Egypt."

OLA HELLAND,

A. S. F. S.'s Miss'y to Seamen.

The Power of Christ.

Am I guilty? Jesus' blood
Cleanses my polluted stains,
Till, before the eye of God,
Not a shade of sin remains.

Am I wretched? Jesus hears
All my care, my pain and grief;
From my darkness, groans and tears,
The Good Shepherd brings relief.

Am I sinful? Jesus' grace
Breaks the power of reigning sin,
And the shining of his love
Makes my heaven now begin.

Am I longing for the home
Where His people are at rest?
He, too, prays that I may come,
With His presence to be blest.

A Grave Without a Monument.

The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and all its slumberers sleep without a monument. All other graveyards, in all lands, show some symbols of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in that great ocean-cemetery, the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant are alike undistinguished. The same wave rolls over all—the requiem by the minstrelsy of the ocean is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storms beat, and the same sun shines; and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonored, will sleep on until, awakened by the trump, the sea will give up its dead. No marble rises to point out where their ashes are gathered; yet the cemetery hath ornaments of which no other can boast. On no other are the heavenly orbs reflected in such splendor—over no other is heard such noble melody.—HENRY GILES.

Rev George Duffield, Jr., in the Navy.

The next Sabbath I preached to the Navy, on board the gun-boat *Sassacus*, Captain Roe, whose conflict with the rebel ram *Albemarle*, off North Carolina, takes its place in the same category with the battles of the *Monitor* and the *Kearsage*. "Gentlemen," said I, "honor will not satisfy! Here on this deck, if anywhere in the United States, is the place to say it. Few have achieved equal—none can achieve greater honors than you—but do they satisfy the heart? To do this, must ye not 'seek the honor that comes from God only?'" Capt. Roe is a hero, every inch of him! The next thing I hope to hear from him is, that he has fully enlisted as a soldier of the Cross.

The third Sabbath in some respects was the most interesting of all. Agreeably to appointment, at 10 o'clock, A. M., I found myself on the deck of the double-turreted monitor *Onondaga*, Commodore Melancthon Smith of the Reformed Dutch Church. Half a mile back of us was a new battery of the enemy, eight guns already mounted, four more mounting, and ready at any moment to open fire upon us. Rather interesting and suggestive circumstances in which to preach! With the crew of the *Onondaga* and part of the crew of the *Saugus*, Captain Colbourn, of the Alexander Church, Philadelphia, we had a full deck. I preached of Christ as at the head of the kingdom of Providence as of the kingdom of Grace—as the Saviour of nations as well as individuals. The iron-clads had taught us the use of Providence in the original monitors, as nothing else had done during the entire war, etc. Solemn as it was to preach, however, in such circumstances, it was still more solemn to pray—the nearest congregation to Richmond of loyal worshippers of any in the United States, and that service held for the first time! At the close of the service, at Captain Smith's request, I organized a Sunday school. Testaments were distributed to about twenty of the hands who desired them; religious books were distributed. On a call by Capt. Smith for teachers, several officers volunteered their services; a regular time was

appointed for the exercise of the Onondaga Sunday School, and, with the exception of the officers constantly on the look out for the "ram," I suspect that the rest of us, for the time being, forgot all about both the ram and the battery.

In the afternoon we had a mass meeting in the yard of the provost marshal, made up of soldiers, sailors, long-shore men, freedmen, male and female, and, towards the last, of nearly 100 rebel prisoners, who had the benefit of our services.

Thrilling Account of the Fight with the Rebel Iron-Clad Tennessee.

A letter from an officer of the *Hartford*, gives the following description—the best we have seen—of the fight with the *Tennessee*:

At half-past nine the entire fleet was at anchor in the bay, out of range of the fort. Our loss was the *Tecumseh* sunk; the *Oneida*, disabled by a shot through her boiler. The latter was towed through the fire by the *Galena*. We thought that the battle was finished for that day at least—when suddenly the *Tennessee* made towards us. No one believed at first that Buchanan would have the temerity to attack the whole fleet, but it was soon evident that he was determined to do that day or die. The ram was headed towards the *Hartford*. The Admiral ordered the fleet to gather round him to meet the enemy, and butt him till he sank. It was a thrilling moment while our grand old sailor coolly waited for his enemy to approach within striking distance. On he came, nearer and nearer—not a shot fired until he was close to us, when both sides opened.

The *Monongahela* ran at the ram first, and at full speed struck her a tremendous blow; yet it did not seem to damage her. She still advanced towards us, firing all the while into the fleet. The *Lackawana* then butted her nearly amidships, but with no apparent effect. Our Admiral now headed the *Hartford* for her, but she sheered off, and we hit her an indirect blow on the port bow. The vessels swung alongside of each other, with the guns muzzle to muzzle, and the ram grazed

along our port side from the cathead all the way aft. Fortunately but one of her guns could be fired. The shot passed across our berth deck, killing and wounding a large number of men. Shortly after she cleared the *Lackawana* tried to butt her, but unfortunately struck the *Hartford* a tremendous blow on the starboard side, cutting her bulwarks down to the deck and disabling two nine-inch guns.

The entire fire of the large vessels was concentrated upon her now. We poured our whole broadside against her thick sides at a few yards distance, but it had no other effect than to carry away her smoke-pipe. We were all preparing to butt her again, when the *Monitors* came up and engaged her at close quarters with their heavy guns. In a little while it was discovered that she could not steer, and was drifting helplessly towards Fort Morgan. In a few minutes a white flag was waved through her grating—she had surrendered. The iron-clad *Chikasaw* towed her up to us, and Buchanan sent his sword to Admiral Farragut.

The *Tennessee* surrendered because her Admiral was wounded. She could have made a long fight had the men not been so dispirited by the loss. Her stern was so jammed by the same shot that wounded Buchanan that the gun could not be run out, but she still had five heavy *Brook's* rifles to use. Her stern and sides were very much shattered by our shot. But one had penetrated her—this was a fifteen-inch solid shot from the *Manhattan*, the only shot of that size that struck her. The battle was finished in three hours and a quarter from its commencement. We were under fire two hours and a quarter.

It is the opinion of officers who have studied the construction of iron-clads that the *Tennessee* is far more invulnerable and powerful than any of our monitors of the same size. A fatal mistake was the exposure of her rudder chains on deck with a thin covering of iron. Had they been led below the deck they could not have been cut.

Admiral Farragut's position during the engagement in Mobile harbor was in the maintop of his ship. He was lashed to the mast, in order

his position in case he was wounded. A speaking trumpet was run down to the deck, and an officer was stationed at the lower end to receive the admiral's orders and pass them to the person whose duty it was to see them executed. The fleet pilot was also up in the rigging and from there gave his orders.

~~~~~  
For the Seamen's Friend.

### The Bethel Flag.

BY REV. CHARLES W. DENISON.

#### I.

Up with our flag divine!  
Lo! 't is a sacred sign,  
Spread on the sky!  
Flag ever pure and fair,  
Borne on the wings of prayer,  
Hailed by the Heavenly air,  
Floating on high!

#### II.

Far over arctic seas,  
Swept by the tropic breeze,  
Be thou unfurled!  
Anchor where breakers rave,  
Dove on the stormy wave,  
Star by the sailor's grave,  
Speed 'round the world!

#### III.

Wide as the billows toss,  
Bear thou our Savior's cross,  
Banner of love!  
Till every sounding sea,  
And waiting isle, shall be  
Swelling with harmony  
To God above!

### The "Tallahassee."

We find the following in the *Montreal Daily Witness*. The whole subject is here put in a few plain words by a party not presumed to be prejudiced in our favor. We hope the time is not far off when our British neighbors will see the iniquity of their proceedings towards us, and when the well-minded will compel the evil-minded ones to a better course of action.

The Tallahassee has been making great havoc among the merchantmen and fishermen of the New England coast, and especially the coast of Maine. The number of vessels burned and scuttled cannot be ascertained, but it must now be from forty to fifty. This vessel put into Halifax for coal, and after taking in three hundred tons was, it is said, prohibited by Admiral Hope from taking any more, though she wanted five hundred. There must, we think, be some mistake about this statement. If it was the admiral's

duty to let her get the three hundred, we cannot see why he should interfere with the other two hundred. It is said Federal vessels have the same privilege of coaling; but they do not use the coal so obtained to enable them to burn harmless merchant vessels. It is said that the Federals do things quite as bad on land as the Confederates do at sea; but they do not run in and out of British territory to enable them to do so. If they came to British territory to obtain supplies of food and forage, and then made their raids upon Confederate villages, which they could not have done but for these supplies, the cases would be nearly parallel; but in that case, there would be no doubt about the complicity of the British authorities with the Federals. We say nearly parallel; for, in one important respect, the supplying of Confederate pirates (they certainly deserve no better name) with coal is worse than the case supposed of allowing Northern raiders to run into British territory to obtain supplies, and run out of it to sack and burn Southern villages. The scene of destructive action would, in the latter case, be wholly beyond British ownership and control, while she has a joint ownership and control of the seas. This burning and sacking of unarmed vessels, and that without any legal condemnation by a prize court, is a bad business, and will yet, we fear, lead to great trouble.

### The Perils of Fog.

"Up, and on deck," loudly exclaimed Baptain G., very early one morning, to his passengers who were on their homeward voyage across the Atlantic, "if you don't want to go to the bottom of the sea, the quicker you are dressed and on deck the better."

As neither of the four passengers wished to go down, we made all possible haste to go up and ascertain what had happened. There was, indeed, a scene. The fog was so dense that we could not see across the deck, nor indeed, except very obscurely, at the distance of a half dozen feet. At the ship's bows was stationed a man to blow incessantly, as a warning to other vessels, a large and very noisy horn,



while another continually rung the still more noisy bell. Everything was dripping, and though it was midsummer, everything seemed strangely cold, cheerless, and boding. We had been at sea many long and tedious days, and had already, as we thought, had our share of the perils of the deep, but this was an experience wholly new and unexpected.

Noticing that our good captain was very silent, and evidently ill-at-ease, if not seriously anxious, I was in no haste to interrogate him. But seizing a favorable opportunity at length, I kindly asked what was the matter now.

"Matter!" said he, "why matter enough. We are out of our course, away here on soundings, and liable every moment, in this fog, either to be run into by one of the many vessels always found on the Bank, or, what is not much better, to run into one ourselves, and so all go down together. Such accidents do happen, and you must be prepared at any moment to spring for your life, night and day, while we are on soundings."

"*On soundings!*" This was new. I had crossed the Atlantic ocean before, and "the great and wide sea" several times, but I had never dreamed of danger from fog, or from being on "soundings."

But what was to be done? That we were in comparatively shallow waters was evident from the mud which was brought up by the plummet. That we were in real danger was also evident, for the captain had scarcely uttered his short exhortation before a large vessel, unseen before, by an instantaneous and most fortunate movement of the helmsman, barely avoided running dead against us, just touching our bows instead.

Such was the state of affairs, day and night, for half a week. The incessant and deafening, but necessary noise of bell, horn and men, the cold and dripping discomfort everywhere, the impossibility of seeing anything clearly, our sense of momentary danger from collision with other vessels, together with our utter inability to rest, made our new experience a decidedly trying one. And all the consolation we could get from the captain and the

men was contained in these few, but expressive, and oft repeated words, "It is the fog; there is always fog on soundings, and it is the fog that makes things so uncomfortable and dangerous. We have only to get out into deep water, and then we shall see and be safe." And so we found it. In the course of a few days we were delighted to feel that we were again sailing on deep waters; but, though all was once more bright and cheerful, I did not stop thinking, "On soundings," "fog," "danger," "noise," "collision," "deep water," were uppermost in my mind for many days. And, even now, I often find myself reverting to this incident of ocean life as one furnishing a valuable lesson.

Whenever I see a man making a great noise over some new discovery he supposes himself to have brought up from the depths of Christian theology, and, with bell, book, and candle, running about to make known the great improvement upon the old highway through the deep things of God, I never can avoid the idea that he is sadly "befogged" after all. Whatever he may think, he is "out of his course"—he is "on soundings," and the discovery, which with so much ado he has brought up on his plummet, is nothing but mud from shallow waters. Hence his frequent collisions, and very uncomfortable, restless, and sleepless condition. Let him launch out into the great deep of God's truth, and, though that deep may be the emblem of profound mystery which he cannot fathom, his simple and child-like faith in the divine testimony will dispel all fogs, and enable him to rest calmly and sweetly in the clear sunlight of God's countenance, with no danger of fatal wreck, no need of anxious, laborious, and noisy definings of his position, no ringing of bells, no sounding of trumpets, and no necessary doubt about the answer to the question, "Where am I?"

Christian, it is never safe to sail through life in the midst of fog. Some do it all their days. But they are great sufferers for their folly. Neither sun, nor moon, nor stars can be seen on "soundings." The bright heavens are even hidden from view. The mind cannot rest. You can never know

exactly where you are; can never feel at ease, never know certainly that you are "homeward bound, never be exempt from fearful peril. Let us rather sail on the bosom of fathomless waters, and enjoy as we glide along, the clear light of the Sun of Righteousness and of God's blessed heavens. So shall we be sure, when we finally reach soundings, that we are nearing, not the gloomy and perilous "Banks," but the celestial shore, where we shall see as we are seen, and know as we are known, and dwell in God's light forever.

ADELPHOS.

—*Congregationalist.*

### Captain Cook's Monument.

Kealekeakua Bay, where Capt. Cook met his death, is in the district of Kona, and has seen very little change since the time of that tragedy. The cocoa-nut grove, near the rock where he fell, is standing yet; a few straggling houses have been put up on one side of the Bay, and a road has been cut to the top of the hill, where the savages are believed to have roasted and eaten the body. Here a pitiful pile of stones has been erected as a monument, while on the beach is the rude strip of copper fastened to a cocoa-nut stump, which does not even have the merit of being on the spot where the great sailor fell. Rudely punched in the copper, and rendered nearly illegible by verdigris, is the legend of how certain English captains placed it there, and the final pathetic appeal to

"Give this a coat of tar."

A little pile of lava boulders is heaped up around the post, which is not a straight post, but has an ugly slant of sixty degrees. Every old chart of the world has a single line below the uncouth name of this bay, telling that Captain Cook, the great discoverer, was murdered here; but when one sees this miserable monument, it is hard to believe that it marks anything more memorable than the burial place of some favorite dog. He met a dog's death, and he has a dog's grave!

It is a disgrace to the Hawaiian Government, and the English residents of Honolulu, that a decent stone has not been put up on this beach. The least that the Government could do

would be to erect a light-house in the harbor and call it Cook's. Any one who has made the land here on a dark night knows that it is needed.—*Merchants' Magazine.*

### Position of the Planets for October.

MERCURY is favorably situated for observation throughout this month, being the morning star. At the beginning, it rises at about 5 hours A. M., and two hours later at the end, setting throughout the month about 5 hours P. M. It is near the Moon at midnight of the 30th..

VENUS is now the evening star, but is still badly situated for observation. It rises on the 1st at about 8 hours, A. M., setting at 6½ h., P. M. On the 31st it rises at 9 hours, 25 min. A. M., setting at 5½ h., P. M., and is close to the Moon at 8 hours, P. M. of the 2nd.

MARS during this month is a conspicuous object in the north-eastern sky, rising about 8 hours, P. M. at beginning, and 6 hours P. M. at the end, setting about midnight throughout the month. It is near the Moon at 6 hours, A. M. of the 19th.

JUPITER from its closeness to the Sun is now invisible. It is near the Moon at 9 hours, P. M., of the 4th, and rises about 10 hours, A. M., on the 1st, and an hour earlier on the 31st, setting respectively at 7½ hours, and 6½ hours, P. M.

SATURN is also invisible, rising about 7 hours, A. M. at the beginning and 5½ hours at the end of the month, setting about 6 hours and 4½ hours P. M. respectively. At midnight of the 2nd it is near the Moon, also at about 2 hours P. M. of the 29th. B. B.

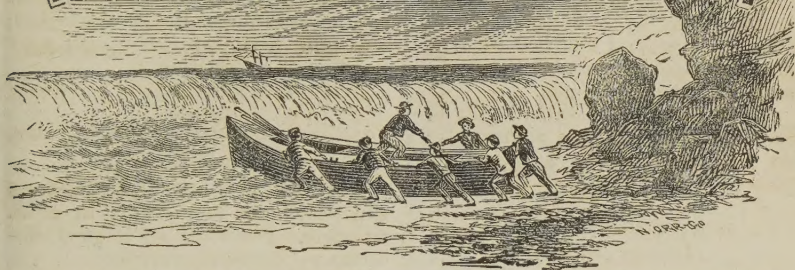
*N. Y. Nautical School, 92 Madison-st.*

### Mother.

No earthly friend can fill a mother's place,  
When the dear one is with us here no more;  
No smile so sweet, so loving to the core.  
As those which beamed upon that faithful face,  
Reflecting every meek, angelic grace;  
No words so kind, so potent to restore  
Joy to the soul, where sadness ruled before,  
As hers, who held us in her warm embrace.  
But when the vesture visible to sight  
Has worn away, to set the spirit free,  
Then we behold those looks of love and light  
In fadeless lines impressed on memory;  
And feel that by one mother e'er is given  
To guard us here below, or guide the way to  
Heaven.



# THE LIFE-BOAT



Oct., 1864.] Published by the American Seamen's Friend Society. [Vol. 5.—No. 10

## My Mother.

These simple lines, by an endeared friend, whose mother died in giving him birth, strike us as touchingly beautiful. They are imbued with true feeling; and coming from the heart, they will reach the heart of the reader :

I never saw thy mild blue eye,  
I never felt thy kiss;  
Thou wert welcomed to the world on high  
Just as I entered this.

Yet thou did'st leave a dying thought,  
A blessing for thy boy;  
It was the earliest smile I caught,  
'Twill be my latest joy.

The mission that to thee was given  
Was finished at my birth,  
The star that lighted thee to heaven  
Did welcome me to earth.

May it always be my guiding star!  
May it always clearly shine,  
Till I have reached those realms afar,  
And am forever thine!

## Lost Children.

Concluding a discourse on the words, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," H. W. Beecher said: "I think our dying children go to Christ. I have been called to give up dear ones. Not once, nor twice, nor thrice, alone, but many times. I have sent my children on before me. Once, wading knee-deep in the snow, I buried my earliest. It was March, and dreary, and shivering, and awful; and then the doctrine that Christ sat in an eternal Summer of love, and that my child was not buried, but had gone up to One that loved it

better than I, was the only comfort I had. If I thought that my children, dying, went out to wander little pilgrims in darkness; if I thought that they went wandering, they knew not where, in all the realm of spirits, I could not be consoled, and only stoicism could cover the wound which it could not heal. But since I know that God loves children, and that he has said 'Of such is the kingdom of God,' and that he wants them to be permitted to come to Him, though it is with pain and sorrow that I yield them up, it is not without hope and consolation. Parents whose children have gone from you, God has taken them, and He is a better father and mother to them than you could have been. Be of good cheer, and you will meet them by and by, if only you yourselves are like little children in Christ Jesus."

## Library Reports.

ALMOST AS GOOD AS A PREACHER.

Library No. 980.

San Francisco, Cal., 8th July.

Gentlemen: We arrived here on the 5th inst., after a passage of 154 days. On getting on board, I fastened the library up in a conspicuous place in the forecabin, and told the men to make use of them, as a loan from the American Seamen's Friend Society. They were read with interest by most of the crew, and especially by a backslider who has come back to the Sav-

iour with repentance and tears. He read Spurgeon's Sermons with deep interest, along with the "Pilgrim's Progress," the next book to the Bible. He is now on shore, witnessing for Jesus and his Salvation. They are almost as good as a living preacher. From observation, I find that the best place for them is undoubtedly in the fore-castle, among the men.

For my part, I am still clinging to Jesus as a poor helpless sinner. He has been my comfort and consolation when cold and wet off Cape Horn.

#### AN OFFICER'S TESTIMONY.

Library No. 425.

I thank you and those interested in the spiritual welfare of seamen for the library entrusted to my care on board the Art Union, of Boston. The books, on the passage thence to Buenos Ayres, were not much read, owing to the fact that the crew were nearly all Germans; but those who could read the English language read a large proportion of the works. On the passage from Calcutta to Boston, the books were read by *all* on board. Our German crew left us in Calcutta. The books have doubtless left many good impressions on the minds of all, though no signal results have as yet taken place. These libraries, I think, ought to be placed on board every ship that leaves this port, as they invariably take the place of light and unprofitable reading, and they do good, much good, to the hearts of those who read them. I will take the same library with me on my next voyage, which will be to Batavia and Rangoon. Four of the books are wanting, one of which I took the liberty of giving to our "Sircar" in Calcutta, who wished to give it to his son, a boy of nine years, and who is studying English.

Yours, very respectfully,

ROBERT SCOTT, Mate of A. U.

#### HIGHLY APPRECIATED.

Library No. 953.

It is now about four months since I received your valuable little library in this vessel, at New Orleans; and I can say, I think it has been a great benefit to the crew. Every book has been much read, and much knowledge

obtained; and yet, being so much used, is in very good order. None are lost, except one. I will promise you a more substantial acknowledgement of your kindness, for it is highly appreciated; but, in the mean time, rest assured your efforts are not overlooked; and may God preserve you in your noble work is the wish of

Yours truly.

#### FOUR VOYAGES AND MANY CONVERSIONS.

Library No. 66.

The books have been read by officers and passengers and sailors in great numbers. The books are in good condition yet for further service.

This library has been four voyages, and has been the means of several conversions.

#### THANKS TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Library No. 770.

U. S. gunboat P—.

I received the Library a few days ago in good order. You have my warmest thanks for sending it. As soon as I received it, the officers and men were anxious to read the books. They are received with thankfulness and joy. Some of the men that have received books say they are very interesting. Some read the books through in one reading. So you see they are appreciated. I pray that the spirit these religious books breathe, may take hold upon the hearts of all that peruse them. The men join with me in sending warmest thanks to you and the children of the Sabbath schools for these valuable books. The Lord will bless their efforts in sowing the good seed. Eternity alone will reveal the fruits that shall be brought forth from the efforts of the children of the Sabbath schools, for the sailors who go down to the sea in ships, far away from all religious influences and the Church of God. I thank God that he has raised up such a Society of the seamen's friends, to care for the moral and religious welfare of the noble men that have joined our ships of war in defense of their beloved country. May the blessings of God rest upon all the efforts of the Society in their work and labor of love. How pleasant it is to think that the abundance of the



sea will be converted to God, and then praises shall ascend to God from amid old ocean.

Yours in Christ.

A GREAT BLESSING.

Library No. 262.

The library which you placed in my hands has been read by all on board, officers and sailors, and has been a great blessing to us all. The captain's lady read every book, and, being a pious lady, her influence was good. She felt very thankful for the books. With my thanks to the friends who are furnishing such pleasant and profitable reading to sailors.

Gone to sea again. Yours respectfully.

115 MEETINGS ATTENDED, AND 2,000 TRACTS DISTRIBUTED.

Library No. 291.

U. S. gunboat H——.

I have transferred our library to the U. S. M——, in charge of the master-at-arms, and I received from him another.

I can inform you that I and brother G. B——, have had, since we left Boston, 115 meetings, and distributed about 2,000 tracts, on board of ships and among soldiers. I feel thankful to you and all of the Christians who care for the sailors.

We have tried to exert our feeble influence among our shipmates. The books have been read by the officers and some of the men with great interest. All of the books in No. 392 were read by a part of their crew and also by the crew of the U. S. schooner D. S——, and that crew praised the books very much.

DISCIPLINE HELPED BY KIND INTER-COURSE WITH SEAMEN.

Library No. 406.

Ship Robin Hood.—San Francisco.

CAPT. ANDREW BARTLETT,

Dear Sir: Your library is now on its second voyage in this ship, and I take pleasure in writing you a few lines to inform you of its usefulness.

During our last voyage, which was to San Francisco, Liverpool and New York, there was no special religious interest amongst the crew; but the

books were read, and in some created serious impressions, for a time at least, but particularly in the minds of men who were sick.

This last voyage, God's Spirit has been in our midst. The oath has been hushed in the forecabin, and at almost any hour of the day some one could be seen in the forecabin, in his watch below, with the Bible or a religious book in his hand.

I am sure no preacher on shore has a more respectful and attentive congregation than the twenty men who have met on Sunday afternoons on deck, in front of the cabin, while I have conducted services and endeavored to explain passages in the Gospels. Meetings have also been held Sabbath evenings in the forecabin, one of the men reading a sermon aloud, from Dr. Adam's "Friend of Christ" and "Christ a Friend." There have been some conversions, and others have resolved to reform their lives.

Few sailors have more than a vague general idea of religious truths, and it is a blessed privilege that those who are awakened by God's Spirit to search the Scriptures can also obtain the works of such writers as Baxter, Bunyan, and Doddridge. These books in the library have been attentively and profitably read.

I have often heard it remarked that the familiarity of religious intercourse between officers and crew destroys all discipline; but I am sure that here the effect has been the other way, and I have never seen a more respectful and obedient crew.

Trusting to have more good things to report ere our voyage is ended, with my sincere regards, I remain

Yours respectfully,

ROBERT C. ADAMS, mate.

UNGODLY MAN-OF-WAR'S MEN RE-FORMED.

THE EXECUTIVE OFFICER'S TESTIMONY.

U. S. Str.—. Port Royal, S. C.  
July 17, 1864.

When this ship left New York, June 14th, 1863, library No.—— was kindly put on board and entrusted to my care: up to the present time not a volume has been seriously injured, or is missing, although I have loaned them,

daily, until they have been read and re-read. I think too much cannot be said in praise of the very kind action of putting these libraries on board of our blockading vessels. Men leading this kind of life have a great deal of leisure time; and if books or papers can be had, they will spend most of it in reading. So far as our crew is concerned, I can speak with truth and certainty that the reading of these books has been the means of no little good; for I may safely say that we had one of the very worst and most ungodly crews that it has fallen to the lot of man to sail with. But we had been on the blockade but a few months before a change was perceptible; and our Sunday services, which, before, had been poorly attended, began to be increased, and for the last six months not a person has been absent; and I am happy in believing that this change has been brought about, in a great degree, if not entirely, by the influence of the good books you have so kindly furnished.

I do hope you will go on in your good work of furnishing good books to our naval sailors. They will be read, and will do good.

Again thanking you on behalf of the officers and men of this ship,

I am respectfully yours. —

Library No. 487.

Dear brother: I feel it is my duty to return my sincere thanks to the Seamen's Friend Society for their very earnest efforts to spread the Gospel among the men of the sea. The library was loaned to me for the perusal of the crew on the 1st of April. The good Lord enabled me to start meetings on board the ship, and that, together with the good books in the library, has been the means of doing a great deal of good.

I had the pleasure of holding three meetings the first week, and I observed great moral changes in many. The second week meetings were held every evening; and two of my shipmates, by the Redeeming blood of Jesus, and were enabled to rejoice in a Saviour's love. Meetings continued to be held every evening till our arrival here in San Francisco, on the 11th of May. Three

more shipmates have started to serve the Lord, and give decided evidence of a change of heart. Blessed be the Lord for all his wonderful works I have seen and heard upon the deep waters.

J. L. R.

#### INTEREST MANIFESTED.

Library No. 418.

The books have been read by officers and men, and considerable interest seemed to have been manifested. All of the books were read by some ere half the voyage was terminated. I hope some good result from the reading in time. We can but hope that many will be persuaded and turned from the "errors of their ways."

Library No. 430 has been returned by Mr. Briggs, first mate of the ship Loch Lamar. He says the books have been read by all on board, and have done much good. The Captain, who is also a pious man, speaks in the highest praise of the books, as they have been a great help to him in his Christian course, and they wish to thank the donors for their use.

It has been fitted up and sent to the Grand Banks.

"ANXIOUS TO HAVE THE SABBATH COME."

U. S. steamer G. G.

I have to state that libraries Nos. 750 and 751 are well read on board ship. We have got a crew that are anxious to see the Sabbath come, so as to get their books from the library, also the papers which you so kindly send them.

#### American Seamen's Friend Society.

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THE LIFE-BOAT is published for the purpose of diffusing information and awakening an interest more especially among the young, in the moral and religious improvement of seamen, and also to aid in the collection of funds for the general objects of the Society. It will be sent gratuitously, post paid, to every family from which a contribution is received, and to all persons who act as Collectors for the cause, provided a package of no less than 25 to one address is made up.